MISCELLANIES
IN
Verse and *Prose*.

------- *Neque semper* Arcum.
tendit APOLLO. Horat.

Pack (R.) K

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MDCCXIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the HONOURABLE

Colonel *William Stanhope*

HIS MAJESTY'S ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY *and* PLENIPOTENTIARY *at the Court of* MADRID.

SIR,

SEVERAL of the Pieces that compose this little COLLECTION have had the good Fortune *formerly* to *Please* You in *Private*: And, You have not, I am perſuaded, ſo much of the *Publick Miniſter* to *Forget an Old Acquaintance*. Knowing, as I do, the Generoſity and Frankneſs of Your natural Temper, I flatter my ſelf, it will be no diſagreeable Change to You from the Formal *Compliments*, and Diſſembled *Civilities*, that you daily ſee paſs be-

tween *Courts*, to turn your Eyes upon the Sincerer *Profeſſions* of Real *Love*, and Diſintereſted *Friendſhip*. If I may claim any Degree of Merit as an *Author*, it is to have writ upon ſcarce any one *Subject* with which I was not *paſſionately* affected, and that was not capable in the *ſame* Manner to affect other People. This too will, I believe, diſtinguiſh the following *Tranſlations* from the *cold* and *lifeleſs* ones that have come from many Hands which have undertaken that Work rather as their *Task* than their *Choice*. There is one Part, I own, of the Preſent I take leave to ſend You, the Publication of which may ſeem to want an Excuſe. I mean the Two Letters upon STUDY and CONVERSATION. But if every one had the ſame equitable Diſpoſition I can promiſe my ſelf in You, there would be need of no other Apology than what I made in the Beginning of the Firſt ESSAY; where I ſufficiently explained at what *Level* I *aim'd*; who have often, as You know, (for to a Friend one would

would own the Truth) had occaſion for a *Guide*, as much as any of my Neighbours. Theſe *Sketches* were drawn at the Requeſt, and for the ſole Uſe of an Excellent Youth whom You Knew, and Loved: (For who could *Know* Him without *Loving* Him?) He ſoon, indeed, out-grew any *Inſtructions* I could pretend to ſuggeſt to Him; and, had He *Lived*, might have given, in *Himſelf*, the brighteſt *Example*. The Value He ſet upon Them, makes me think they may not be entirely Uſeleſs, at leaſt to the Younger Claſs of Readers; for which Reaſon they have taken their Place among the reſt of theſe Papers. What Fate may attend this MISCELLANY in *Print*, I am not able to judge; but the Reception it hath found in *Manuſcript* from ſome of the Firſt Rank in Both Sexes gives me a Confidence that every *Peeviſh Critick* will not have Credit enough to put it out of Countenance. I am in no Pain upon that Account; but it is with a great deal of *Pleaſure* that I have *Now* a Pub-

a Publick Occasion, to make known to the World, the perfect *Esteem* I have always had for Your *Person*, and my *grateful Resentments* of the many *Favours* with which You have Distinguish'd Me; and, at the same Time, to Assure You of my warmest *Wishes*, that You may meet with all the *Success* that COURAGE, INTEGRITY, HONOUR, and GOOD SENSE can merit.

I am, with the greatest *Respect*, and with equal *Reason*,

SIR,

Your most Obliged,

most Faithful,

and most Humble Servant,

RICHARDSON PACK.

London, June 23. 1718.

To Major PACK, *upon Reading his* POEMS.

SWay'd by the vulgar Tide (forgive the Wrong)
I thought before I heard your pow'rful Song,
In noisy *War* the Muses Voice was Mute,
Nor hop'd to find the *Trumpet* near the *Lute*.
But now I see, from thy melodious Lays,
The *Laurel* well may mingle with the *Bays*;
The *Warrior's Oak* may tremble on the *Creſt*,
And yet the *Lovers Myrtle* ſhade the *Breaſt*.

MINERVA thus in HOMER's Camp is ſeen,
Now the Maid threatens with a Warlike Mien;
Now in ſoft Words perſwades the giddy Throng,
And melts in Muſick on ULYSSES Tongue.
So on the Boſom of the *Thames* unite
The Fruits of gentle *Peace*, and Pomp of *Fight*.

Here

Here breath the Spicy Gumms from *India*'s Shores,
In Thunder there the *Royal Navy* Roars.

May BRITAIN never want ſuch Sons as you,
To Fight her Battels, and Record them too.
TYRTÆUS ſo lead *Sparta*'s Soldiers on,
Then ſung the Trophies which himſelf had won.
Be this thy Double Praiſe; while We commend
The WARS you Write, the FREEDOM you Defend.

G. S. *M. D.*

ORIGINAL

Original POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS.

ELEGY.

SYLVIA to AMINTOR.

Excute Virgineo conceptas Pectore flammas,
Si potes, infelix. Si possem, sanior essem.
At trahit invitam nova vis; aliudque cupido,
Mens aliud suadet. Video meliora, proboque,
Deteriora sequor. ——— Ovid.

BEhold, AMINTOR, an abandon'd Maid,
By Love and You to Misery betray'd.
With tend'rest Vows, and fond bewitching Art,
You press'd, on ev'ry side, my easy Heart;

Till, having thrown the weak Intrenchments down
You plunder'd firſt, then left the naked Town.
Was it for this I all the World forſook,
And in your Arms my wiſh'd *Aſylum* took:
To be, like ſome cheap Flower, unkindly torn
From my fix'd Root, then flung away in Scorn?
Ill-fated Paſſion! oh unequal Lot!
So long perſu'd, am I ſo ſoon forgot?
Sure all our Sex are born to ſuffer Pain,
Either from *Falſhood*, or from cold *Diſdain*.
When Old, or ugly, Men our Faces ſhun:
If Young and handſome, we're too oft undone.

Ye happier Virgins, whoſe unblemiſh'd Fame
Has ne'er been ſullied by this guilty Flame;
By my Example warn'd, avoid with Care
All *cloſe Engagements* in Love's fatal War.
Tho' long uninjur'd you maintain the Fight,
You'll find your only Safety's in your Flight.
The Foe all Stratagems and Methods tries:
Who *Force* eſcape, are taken by *Surprize*.

On Wings of Down his treach'rous Arrows fly:
Ah! guard each Avenue, or elſe you Die.
Truſt not the ſlight Defence of Female *Pride*,
Nor in your boaſted Honour much confide.
So ſ[illegible] the *Motion*, and ſo *ſmooth* the *Dart*,
It *ſtole* unfelt into my heedleſs Heart.
The ſubtle Poiſon lurk'd a while conceal'd;
But ſoon the *Symptoms* the *Diſeaſe* reveal'd.
A ſad afflictive melancholy Pain
Throbb'd at my Breaſt, and beat in ev'ry Vein.
My heaving Boſom ſwell'd with ſudden Sighs,
And Tears unbidden trickled from my Eyes.
In reſtleſs Fevers languiſhing I lay,
Dreaming all Night, and raving all the Day.
Yet this, methinks, with eaſe I could ſuſtain,
Abjure my Freedom, and embrace my Chain;
Would but AMINTOR one kind Look beſtow
To ſooth my Grief, and mitigate my Woe.
One flatt'ring Smile would ſcatter all my Fears,
As *Shadows* vaniſh when the Sun appears.
So, if the Weight of ſome unfriendly Storm
Cruſh the pale *Hyacinth*, his Charms deform,

He hangs his Head, and ſeems a while to mourn,
Till the bright Ruler of the Day return;
But ſoon as e'er he feels *his genial Fire*,
With kindly Warmth his tender Leaves inſpire;
Strait he revives with the ſame Purple Grace;
And the chill Dews no longer cloud his Face.
But, ah! This Image no Reſemblance bears,
AMINTOR ſtill is falſe, and SYLVIA ſtill deſpairs.

Like ſome miſguided Traveller that ſtrays
Through pathleſs Woods, and unfrequented Ways,
My Soul, deluded from her Native Seat,
Finds no kind Shelter, no ſecure Retreat.
Safe while I follow'd *Virtue*'s ſteady Light:
Depriv'd of That, I'm left in endleſs Night.
What ſhall I do? Ah, whither ſhall I turn?
In lawleſs Fires muſt I for ever burn?
Nor *Peace*, nor *Innocence* again return?
Ah no! All other Ills ſome Cure may find;
But there's no Med'cine for a Love-ſick Mind.
Death only can my mortal Anguiſh end,
And Nature's *Enemy* muſt be my *Friend*.

Unge-

Ungen'rous Victor, from whoſe Rage thy Slave
Flies for Relief to the relentleſs Grave.
But when my Aſhes in their Urn are laid,
Who ſcorn'd me Living, will lament me Dead,
My ſuff'ring cannot fail at length to move
Your Mind to *Pity*, though averſe to *Love*.

A PASTORAL.

In Imitation of VIRGIL's *Second Eclogue.*

YOUNG *Corydon*, a poor inamour'd Swain,
The Fair *Miranda* lov'd, but lov'd in vain.
With Gifts he brib'd her; and with Songs he ſtrove
To tune her Heart to the ſoft Notes of Love.
But ſtill ſucceſsleſs the fond Shepherd woo'd:
The Wanton faſter fled, the more perſu'd.

With Grief and Shame, and hot Deſire he preſs'd,
(Tyrants that rul'd by Turns within his Breaſt.)
Penſive and ſad he ſought the ſilent Grove;
And thus in artleſs Numbers mourn'd his Love.
Ungrateful Nymph, and oh too rudely coy!
Thy fierce Unkindneſs will my Life deſtroy.
No Tongue can ſpeak the Torments I endure.
So deep the Wound that I deſpair a Cure.

Fool

Fool that I am, on certain Fate to run,
And court the Mischief that I fought to shun!
The Flocks and Herds oppress'd with sultry Heat,
To the thick Shades, and cooling Springs retreat;
And the green Lizard, and the painted Snake
Find a kind Refuge in some neighb'ring Brake.
But where, alas! can wretched I retire?
No Shades can cool, no Streams can quench my Fire.
Careless and unconcern'd I could have born
Dorinda's Hate, or *Saccharissa*'s Scorn.
Those vulgar Beauties scarce our Passions move
But you inspire me with the Rage of Love.
Yet know, Fond Maid, tho' so divinely Fair,
That with'ring Time will all thy Charms impair.
How gay the Lilly, and how sweet the Rose,
When the young Months their Virgin Bloom disclose!
But soon as o'er they feel the chilling *Frost*,
Their *Leaves* are blasted, and their *Odours* lost.
Consider, Beauty will not always last,
Then lay out ev'ry happy Hour in haste.
That lovely *Face* proclaims a gentler *Mind*:
The Gods who form'd you *Fair*, design'd you *Kind*.

Return,

Return, dear Fugitive, return again;
And bleſs, at laſt, thy much-enduring Swain.
Regard your Lover with impartial Eyes;
And ſee that Wealth, which you unknown deſpiſe.
Here mantling Vines the riſing Hills adorn,
There the glad Vallies ſmile with rip'ning Corn.
My num'rous Flocks o'er-ſpread the flow'ry Plains,
And I'm the Envy of my Fellow Swains.
Content already with my preſent Store,
For your Sake only I could wiſh for more.
Secure and happy in yon little Cell,
Like *Sylvan* Gods we might together dwell.
With chearful Hounds we'd riſe e'er Morning Dawn
To courſe the Hare, or chaſe the nimble Fawn.
In Rural Sports, and harmleſs Wanton play,
Unmark'd the ſwift-wing'd Hours would glide away.
No buſy Cares ſhou'd our ſoft Thoughts annoy,
But all our Life be Gentleneſs and Joy.
Ah CORIDON! thy airy Hopes reſtrain,
Nor feaſt with flatt'ring Dreams thy Mind in vain.
Int'reſt, you ſee, prevails o'er all Mankind;
And Gold ſo Dazzles, that it makes *Love* blind.

Go,

Thy Wealthier Rival, tho' Deform'd and Old,
Does thy Heart's Darling from thy Arms with-hold,
Go, prune thy Vines, or tend thy woolly Care;
Nor waſte thy Youth in Mourning and Deſpair.
Let no falſe Raptures diſcompoſe thy Mind,
Forget the Cruel, and embrace the Kind.

The Praiſe of SULPITIA.

From TIBULLUS, Book IV. Eleg. II.

FOrſake, Great God of War, thy Native Skies,
A brighter Heaven is in SULPITIA's Eyes.
To grace thy Feſtival, behold her dreſs'd,
In all the ſhining Glories of the *Eaſt*.
On the Soft Pomp indulge thy raviſh'd Sight,
Nor fear leaſt VENUS grudge the chaſte Delight.
But thou, impetuous Warrior, well beware;
Thy Arms will ſcarce defend thee from the Fair.
When CUPID would ſome am'rous God inflame,
He ſteals his Fire from this Celeſtial Dame.
The chearful *Graces*, and the ſportive *Loves*,
Attend the Beauteous Maid, where'er ſhe moves:
With ſecret Harmony each Act compoſe,
And give a happy Turn to all ſhe does.
Whether in artful Pleats ſhe brades her Hair,
Or lets it looſely Wanton in the Air:

Whe-

Whether with Purple Pride she robes her Vest,
Or Neatly Plain seems negligently dress'd:
Alike there does through ev'ry *Manner* shine,
A *Grace* peculiar, and a *Form* divine.
VERTUMNUS so a thousand Dresses wears,
And Charming still in all the youthful God appears.
This matchless Fair is worthy to enjoy
Whatever Art, or Nature can supply.
For her the *Tyrian* shou'd employ his Care,
For her alone the costly Fleece prepare.
For her the Sun in blest *Arabia*'s Soil,
Shall ripen Gums, and Incense, Spice, and Oil.
For her Both *Indies* shall their Treasures bring;
For her our *Roses* blow, our *Violets* spring.
For her the *Muses* shall young Bards inspire;
For her APOLLO tune his Vocal Lyre.
Unnumber'd Years may she their Toil prolong,
No nobler Subject can adorn their Song.

To D. C. *when very* YOUNG

IF to be Gay, well-humour'd, Witty,
Youthful, Agreeable, and Pretty,
Attracts the Eye, and wins the Mind;
Then what Reſiſtance can you find,
Whom Heaven has form'd with ev'ry Grace,
A ſprightly Soul, an Angel's Face?
Yet ſhall I, gentle Boy, impart,
What Kindneſs dictates from my Heart.
Something there is that's ſtill requir'd,
To make my CAMPBELL more admir'd.
Nature but half the Work has done;
Art muſt compleat what *She* begun.
The richeſt *Oar* has ſome *Allay*,
'Till Labour does the Maſs refine;
The *Fire* muſt Purge the *Droſs* away,
E'er the *Intrinſick Bullion* ſhine.

So

So you by Study, Obſervation,
Uſeful and well-bred Converſation,
Muſt dreſs your Mind, correct your Taſte,
And give your Thoughts a juſter Caſt:
Must poliſh the rough Draught of *Nature*;
Re-touch, and ſoften ev'ry Feature:
Set in true Light, each *Trait* will Shine,
And the whole Piece will look Divine.
A *Genius* like to yours ſhou'd aim
To merit more than common Fame;
Shou'd ſtrive in all Things to excel;
In *Judging* right, and *acting* well:
Ambitious ſtill to pleaſe the Beſt,
Deſpiſing all the Vulgar reſt.
Think not, I mean by this Advice,
To cenſure *Pleaſure* as a *Vice*.
My Lyre to ſofter Notes is ſtrung.——
I laugh at thoſe myſterious Fools,
Who live inſlav'd to formal Rules,
And under a conſtrain'd Diſguiſe,
By looking *Grave* wou'd paſs for *Wiſe*.

REASON tho' she forbids *Excess*,
Yet blames *Severity* no less.
She, like a *Maid*, our Fancy warms
With *modest*, but *obliging* Charms:
With decent Pride disdains to tread
The Paths that to *Dishonour* lead;
But safe from *Danger*, far from *Noise*,
Revels in silent real Joys;
Such as true *Friendship* does inspire,
Or *Love*'s more active nobler Fire.

The Third ELEGY *of the Third* BOOK *of* TIBULLUS.

Quid prodeſt cælum votis impleſſe Neæra?
Blandaque cum multâ thura dediſſe prece?

WHy to the Gods do I my Vows repeat?
With *Incenſe* bribe them, and with *Pray'rs* (intreat?
Is it, NEÆRA, that thou may'ſt behold
Me tread on Marble under Roofs of Gold?
That BACCHUS would a joyful Vintage yield?
Or CERES crown the Labours of the Field?
No, (Only Bleſſing!) 'tis for *thy Return*,
The ſacred Fires on ev'ry Altar burn.
In thy Embraces let me happy live,
'Tis all that I would ask, or Heav'n can give:

There to resign my lateſt Gaſp of Breath,
Claſp'd in thy Arms, when ſeiz'd by thoſe of Death.
Not Heaps of treaſur'd Gold allure my Eye;
The *Phrygian* Column, or the *Tyrian* Dye;
Not awful Bow'rs, like ſacred Groves deſign'd,
That ſtrike Religious Rev'rence on the Mind;
Not all the Pomp that gazing Crowds admire,
The gawdy Equipage and rich Attire;
Theſe Envy raiſe. Nor can the lab'ring Mind
Aſſur'd Repoſe in their Poſſeſſion find.
Fortune, who governs with Deſpotick Sway,
Reſumes to Morrow, what ſhe gave to Day.
Poor be my Lot, Inglorious be my State,
Bleſs'd with thy Preſence, I'll abſolve my Fate.
But if thy Abſence I muſt ſtill bemoan,
What Gift of Life can for the Loſs attone?
The Wealth of Kings wou'd be too mean a Price,
On Crowns leſs Splendor waits than on thy Eyes.
Pride and Ambition vulgar Souls may fire,
But Love's the Empire to which I aſpire.
Saturnian JUNO! hear thy Suppliant's Pray'r,
And thou, O VENUS! aid a Lover's Care.

Haſten

Haſten the happy and the welcome Day,
That ſhall NEÆRA to my Arms convey.
Or, if the Fates averſe with ſullen Pride,
Mock my fond Paſſion, and my Hopes deride;
Deep let me drink of the *Lethæan* Wave,
And dark Oblivion hide me in the Grave.

The Twelfth ELEGY *of the Second* BOOK *of* PROPERTIUS.

Quicunque ille fuit, puerum qui pinxit Amorem,
Nónne putas miras hunc habuiſſe manus?

WHo firſt drew CUPID a young Boy, and blind,
With Skill, no doubt, the *moral Piece* deſign'd.
He ſaw how Lovers with fond Childiſh Play
Laviſh in idle Cares their Hours away.
His *Airy Wings* the Artiſt too expreſt,
Flutt'ring in wanton Sport from Breaſt to Breaſt.
(For ſo our *Hopes* no conſtant Meaſures know,
And Tides of Love alternate ebb and flow;)
And *arm'd* his little Hands with pointed Darts,
To ſhew his Tyranny o'er human Hearts.
With fatal Certainty he draws his Bow,
And unobſerv'd directs the ſilent Blow.

Too

Too well I kenn how each fell *Arrow* Stings;
But ſure the *Wand'rer* now has loſt his Wings:
For ſettled here, he rages in my Breaſt,
And my poor wearied Soul can find no Reſt.
Ah! ſhe a wretched Spectre to invade!
Attack ſome blooming Youth, or haughty Maid:
Me thy old Servant, and thy Poet ſpare;
Elſe who ſhall ſing the Triumphs of thy War?
My Muſe oppreſs'd, now ſcarce one Note can raiſe;
Reſtore my *Liberty*, I'll ſound thy *Praiſe*.
I will deſcribe thy CYNTHIA's Air and Mien,
Thoſe *Eyes*, that *Shape*, that *Grace* in *Motion* ſeen.
Harmonious Beauty ſhall my Song inſpire;
And Love's *bright Torch ſhall ſet the World on Fire.*

The Fourth ELEGY of the Fourth BOOK of TIBULLUS.

To PHOEBUS.

Huc ades, & teneræ morbos expelle puellæ,
Huc ades; intonsâ Phœbe superbe comâ.

PHOEBUS descend, thy radiant Lock's display'd,
Come and relieve the sweet complaining Maid.
Trust me, make Haste: She well deserves thy Care:
Who would not be *Physician* to the *Fair?*
Revive the fading Roses on her Cheek;
Revive the drooping Lillies on her Neck:
And far to Winds commit, and distant Seas
Each Rebel Atom that disturbs her Ease.
Come, *Sacred Sire*, and bring each pow'rful *Juice*,
Each pow'rful *Sound* thy double Skill can chuse.
Nor wound the Youth who mourns her doubtful State,
And with unnumber'd Vows wou'd bribe her Fate.

One

One while he prays: Anon, if she complains,
Distracted he blasphemes, and Heaven arraigns.
But fear no Foes, CERINTHUS, from above:
The Gods will all befriend the Cause of Love.
When no more; thy Tears were only Due,
Were she grown Cold, Indiff'rent, or Untrue:
But well thou know'st, for thee alone she lives;
Nor minds th' officious Crowd besides that grieves.
Propitious PHOEBUS! show'r thy Blessings down:
Preserve *Two* Lovers Lives in saving *One*.
So, when the grateful Pair their Praise shall join,
And hand in hand approach thy hallow'd Shrine,
The thronging *Sanctities* of Heaven shall own,
No *Art*'s worth envying but *Thine* alone.

To my Dear Friend, Captain DAVID CAMPBELL.

Ciudadella in *Minorca*, Nov. 1712.

WHEN CAMPBELL, on the Banks of *Thames*,
Mixt with the *Beaus* and ſhining *Dames*,
The ſweet Variety you prove
Of Wit, and Wine, and happy Love;
Reflect a little on *this Scene*,
The Seat of *Poverty* and *Spleen*;
And while gay Pleaſure fills your Mind,
Pity thoſe Friends you left behind,
Who, baniſh'd from the Fair and Young,
Muſt live unbleſt, and dye unſung.

In vain kind *Nature* would employ
Her baffled Aid to give me Joy:
In vain each Pulſe proclaims aloud,
The gen'rous Fire that warms my Blood:

To Rocks, alas! or deſart Plains,
(Far from the Nymphs and tuneful Swains)
Confin'd, I mourn my Vigor loſt,
By *Love* forſook, by *Fortune* croſs'd.
No *Verdant Beauty* cheers my Sight;
No *Feather'd Quires* my Ear delight;
No *Park*, nor *Play*, nor fond *Amour*,
Amuſe one tedious loneſome Hour;
But the *ſame Round* ſtills wears away,
In *Sleep* the Night, in *Sloth* the Day.

How partial is the Hand of Fate,
Who roul in Wealth, and ride in State;
See we not ſome, like *Inſects* born,
Our Sex Diſgrace, the other's Scorn,
Yet favour'd by capricious Chance,
By Springs unſeen their Steps advance;
Mount to the Top of *Fortune*'s Wheel,
Made happy ev'n againſt their Will?
While the brave Youth, whoſe Counſels aim
By vertuous Acts to merit Fame,

In fruitleſs Toils conſumes his Days,
And neither meets Reward or Praiſe.
Others, whom *Beauty*'s Pow'r controuls,
Form'd with ſelf-impaſſion'd Souls,
(And oh my Heart is tend'rer far
Than Sighs of pitying Virgins are)
Addreſs in vain the cruel Boy;
Feel all his Pains, nor taſte the Joy.
The Gods of their own Bliſs ſecure,
Neglect the Ills which we endure.

If all our Piety's not vain;
If long Intreaty Heav'n can gain;
E'er yet my Noon of Life be paſt,
E'er gath'ring Clouds my Sun o'ercaſt,
Let me, ye Pow'rs! ſucceſsful prove
In my *Ambition*, and my *Love*.
My Active, Reſtleſs, Fiery Mind,
Can ill ſubmit to be confin'd:
Urg'd by Deſires perhaps too great,
I fain, methinks, would tempt my Fate:

But

But if the *Spear*, and cumbrous *Shield*
Too weighty are for me to wield;
If shut out from the Lists of Fame,
I'm doom'd to live without a Name:
Grant me, at least, This one Requeſt,
(And that, alone, will make me Bleſt)
Redeem me from a long Deſpair,
And make my *Charmer* Kind, as Fair.

To his Grace the Duke of ARGYLE.

Port-Mahon, Jan. 1st. 1713.

ARGYLE, deriv'd from Royal Blood,
My ſureſt Guard, my ſweeteſt Good;
O that inſpir'd with happy Skill,
And force proportion'd to my Zeal,
In laſting Verſe I cou'd proclaim
Thy matchleſs Worth, thy growing Fame!
Like *Thee* ſhould be my num'rous Song,
Exact yet eaſy, ſmooth tho' ſtrong.
But the ſmall *Genius* I could boaſt,
Shipwreck'd on this *dull Shore*, is loſt.
My baniſh'd Melancholy Muſe,
Condemn'd to live a poor *Recluſe*,
Mourns her neglected Charms decay'd,
And moults her Wings, and droops her Head.

When HORACE by the *Tyber*'s Flood
Sung young AUGUSTUS, *Great* and *Good*,
His chearful Hours with *Pleasure* fraught,
Fir'd his *Soul*, and run'd his *Thought*.
Gay od'rous Flow'rs his Temples crown'd;
The *Loves* and *Graces* play'd around;
The Purple *Chian* flush'd his Wit;
He laugh'd, he lov'd, he sung, he writ.
Th' immortal Offspring of his Lyre,
Conceiv'd in *Energy* and *Fire*,
Still Triumphs over Age and Time,
Beautiful, *Noble*, and *Sublime*.

So, if my lucky *Star* would smile,
If Landed on the *British Isle*,
Within some little snug Retreat,
At length I could my Wishes meet;
On *Thames* fair Banks supinely laid,
Beneath a spreading Poplar's Shade,
By no uneasy Passions press'd,
(Which now in Crowds insult my Breast)

Tho' far unequal to his Strain,
I might not ſing perhaps in vain.
Smit with Ambition of thy Praiſe,
I'd ſtrive my feeble Notes to raiſe.
Thy Sight new Vigor wou'd infuſe;
The *Heroe* is the Poet's *Muſe*.
Not the ſhrill Lark, when Morn does ſpring,
Should higher Soar, or ſweeter Sing.
The liſt'ning Groves ſhould bleſs my Choice,
And *Eccho* learn to ſpeak my Voice.
This *Merit* I'll, however, claim,
To *Love*, tho' not *Adorn* thy Name.

Upon Religious SOLITUDE.

Occasion'd by Reading the Inscription on the Tomb of CASIMIR *King of* Poland, *who Abdicated his Crown, and spent the Remainder of his Days in the Abbey of St.* Germain's *at* Paris, *where he is interr'd.*

MAN, foolish Man! made wretched by his (Will,
Conscious of Good, yet still declines to Ill,
Reason in vain directs our wand'ring Choice:
Each Passion turns us with her *Syren* Voice.
Through Airy Visions (giddy with the Round)
Our *Fancy* leads us o'er inchanted Ground;
Till tir'd, at length, with Change, and out of Breath,
We close the *Scene*, and shut up all in *Death*.

But ah! how bless'd are they, and only they,
Who *Nature*'s wise Instructions can obey:

Who within Bounds their Appetites confine;
Nor drink too deep of *Pleasure's* heady Wine:
Who free from *Bus'ness* too the Leisure find
To dress *the little Garden of their Mind.*
That Grateful *Tillage* best rewards our Pains:
Sweet is the *Labour*, certain are the *Gains.*
The rising *Harvest* never mocks our *Toil*;
Secure of *Fruit*, if we manure the *Soil.*

Cities and *Courts*, with false Allurements bright,
Mislead the Judgment by their dazzling Light.
Our *Envy* sometimes we on those bestow,
Whom we our *Pity* rather should allow.
Gay Looks too oft *the sadned Heart belye*;
And the loud *Laugh* is follow'd by a *Sigh.*
Not all the Charms of the luxurious *East*,
Can quell the Tumults of a troubled Breast.
Musick and *Wine* in vain exert their Pow'r:
The *Musick* grates our Ears, the *Wine* turns sow'r.
Nor *Beauty*, *Love*, nor *Wit*, can Mirth excite:
Dull lags the *Day*, and joyless is the *Night.*

Ye bold Disturbers of Mankind be warn'd,
Dear costs the *Glory*, which your *Guilt* has earn'd.
Fortune, awhile, deceitfully may smile,
And with smooth *Hopes* your secret *Fears* beguile;
But *Horrour* will succeed, and dire *Remorse*
Nor *Strength* can check, nor *Skill* elude their Force;
They board the *Thrice-deck'd* Ship, and back the (*Warrior Horse*)
Greatness, at best, when by just Arts pursu'd,
Is but a *partial* and *unequal* Good.
Those needful Cares that do the Throne secure,
Give *Princes* Pains, which *Peasants* ne'er endure.
Sick of this *Evil*, CASIMIR retir'd,
And gave the Kingdom back his Arms acquir'd.
He saw the tempting *Lustre* of a Crown;
But felt its *Weight*, and laid the *Burthen* down.
Pride, *Cruelty*, *Contempt of Sacred Things*,
(The usual Ministers of Conqu'ring Kings)
Banish'd by him, to grace his future Reign,
Faith, *Hope*, and *Charity* were all his Train.

Hail,

Hail, gentle *Piety!* (unmingled Joy!)
Whose Fullness satisfies, but ne'er can cloy:
Spread thy soft Wings o'er my devoted Breast,
And settle *There*, an everlasting Guest.
Not cooling *Breezes* to the languid Swain,
To Winter *Sunshine*, or to Summer *Rain*;
To sinking Mariners the *friendly Hand*,
That steers 'em up, and guides 'em safe to Land;
Bring half the *Comfort*, or the *Welcome* find,
As *thy Accesses* to a *Shipwreck'd Mind*.

An

IPSWICH *April* 1714.

An EPISTLE *from a Half-Pay Officer in the Country to his Friend in* London, *upon Reading the Addreſs of the Two Houſes, to thank her Majeſty for the Safe, Honourable, and Advantageous* PEACE.

O Dulces comitum valete cœtus,
Longè quos ſimul à domo profectos,
Diverſæ variæ viæ reportant. Catull.

CUrſe on the Star, dear HARRY, that betray'd
My Choice from *Law*, *Divinity*, or *Trade*,
To turn a Rambling *Brother o' the Blade!*
Of all Profeſſions ſure the worſt is *War*.
How *whimſical* our Fortune! how *Bizarre!*
This Week we ſhine in *Scarlet*, and in *Gold*:
The next the *Cloak* is pawn'd—The *Watch* is ſold.
To Day we're *Company for any Lord*:
To Morrow not *a Soul will take our Word*.

Like *Meteors* rais'd in a tempestuous Sky,
A while we *Glitter*, then obscurely *Dye*.
Must Heroes suffer such Disgrace as This?
O Curst Effects of HONOURABLE PEACE!

I, who not long ago indulg'd my Hours
In witty Commerce, or in soft Amours;
And in rich *Mulso*, *Volney*, or *Champaigne*,
Ador'd each Night the *Beauties* then in Reign;
(Till *Arms submitting* to the Awful *Gown*,
Our Troops were forc'd to abdicate the *Town*,)
Must now retire, and languish out my Days
Far from the Roads of *Pleasure*, or of *Praise*:
Quit sweet *Hyde-Park* for dull *Provincial Air*;
And change the *Play-House* for a *Country-Fair*:
With sneaking *Parsons* beastly *Bumpers* quaff;
At low Conceits, and vile *Conundrums* laugh;
Toast to the *Church*, and talk of *Right Divine*;
And Herd with *Squires*--more noisy than their *Swine*.
Must Heroes suffer such Disgrace as This?
O Curst Effects of HONOURABLE PEACE!

There was a Time—Oh! yes there was a Time—
(E'er *Poverty* made *Luxury* a Crime,)
When *Marigolds* in *Porridge* were a Jeſt;
And *Soups* were us'd to introduce the Feaſt.
Then *French Ragouts* were *Orthodox* and Good;
And *Truffles* held no *Hereſy* in Food.
Nor to eat *Mackarel* was judg'd High-Treaſon,
Tho' *Gooſberries* as yet were not in Seaſon.
But under *H—ley's* frugal *Diſpenſation*,
Theſe *Vanities* require a *Reformation*.
Scourg'd by his WAND, and Humbled by his Sway,
I've learn'd to ſuit my *Dies* to my *Pay*;
And *Now* can ſanctify, with ſolemn Face,
A heavy *Dumpling* with a formal *Grace*.
In *Aukward Plenty* ſlovenly I Dine:
And nappy *Ale* ſupplies the want of *Wine*.
No nice *Deſſerts* my learned Palate pleaſe,
To fill up Chinks —— a Slice of *Suffolk-Cheeſe*.
And muſt then Heroes Nibble *Suffolk-Cheeſe*?
O *Curſt Effects of* HONOURABLE PEACE!

But ah! the hardeſt Part is ſtill behind ——
The *Fair* too, Gentle *Harry*, prove unkind.
Think then how wretchedly my Life muſt paſs!
For what's this World, my Friend, without a *Laſs*?
Poor be my Lot, Inglorious be my State,
Give me but — Woman, I'll abſolve my Fate.
But 'tis in vain. ——————
Th' ungrateful Sex, as *ſenſeleſs* as *unjuſt*,
To feed their *Pride*, will even ſtarve their *Luſt*:
And fool'd by Equipage and empty Show,
Quit the Tough *Soldier* for the Lathy *Beau*.
I, who ſo oft their forward Zeal have ſhow'd,
And in *their Service* ſpent my warmeſt Blood,
Am *Now* reduc'd, (hard Fate!) for want of Pelf,
To fight the *Jeſuit's Battle* by my ſelf.
Muſt Heroes ſuffer ſuch Diſgrace as This?
O Curſt Effects of HONOURABLE PEACE!

The Fourth Eclogue of VIRGIL *Imitated.*

Sicilian Muſe exalt thy tuneful Voice:
Not always make the Woods and Groves thy Choice.
Or, if that humbler Theme you ſtill perſue,
Make the Groves worthy of a *Conſul*'s View.

The *Time* is come, the *Sybil* long foretold,
Reſtoring the *Saturnian* Age of Gold.
Again ASTRÆA is return'd to Earth:
And a new Race deſcends of Heav'nly Birth.
O Chaſte LUCINA! thy kind Aid beſtow;
(Lo! thy APOLLO rules the World below.)
Diſcharge the *Mother* of her pregnant Load,
And quick Reveal to Light the Infant God.
And thou, O POLLIO! choſe by ſmiling Fate,
From thy great Conſulſhip ſhall give this *Æra* Date.

If

If any Seeds of Vice ſhall dare appear,
Thy bright Example, and ſucceſsful Care,
Shall free the World at once from Guilt, and Fear.
Th' Illuſtrious *Babe* for future Sway decreed,
Belov'd by Gods, the Life of Gods ſhall lead:
Long with Hereditary Virtues reign;
And late aſcend his native Skies again.

The grateful Earth to greet her Infant King
Shall ſacred Wreaths of Circling *Ivy* bring:
While FLORA decks with various Art the Ground,
And *Zephyrs* ſcatter Her Perfumes around.
At thy Approach, bleſt BOY! ſhall ſtrait remove
Each rougher Kind that's Enemy to Love.
The Prowling *Wolf* no more ſhall hunt for Prey;
The *Ox* and *Lyon* ſhall together play;
The *Serpent* loſe his Sting; each pois'nous Weed
Shall die, and *Syrian* Roſes flouriſh in their Stead.

But when, contemplating thy *Father's* Praiſe,
Thy ripen'd Thought ſhall Emulation raiſe
To urge thy Fate the ſame Heroic Ways;

The

The dreary *Waſte* ſhall riſe with wavy *Corn*;
The bluſhing *Grape* in Cluſters load the *Thorn*;
And Pearls of *Honey-Dew* the rugged *Oak* adorn.
Yet ſtill ſome Footſteps ſhall of Fraud remain.
The greedy Mariner, in hopes of Gain,
Shall tempt the Dangers of the faithleſs Main;
Cities with Walls ſhall be incompaſs'd round;
Troops ſhall embark, and Martial Trumpets ſound;
Greece ſhall again a new ACHILLES boaſt,
And *Troy* once more lament her Glory loſt.

But as thy firmer Years to Manhood riſe,
The Port no more ſhall hear the Sailor's Cries;
Traffick ſhall ceaſe; alike in ev'ry Land
All things ſhall be produc'd by Nature's bounteous Hand.
The ſharpned Share no more ſhall vex the Soil,
Nor the luxuriant Vine demand the Pruner's Toil.
The luſty Hind no more ſhall yoke the Ox,
Nor for the *Tyrian* Merchant ſheer his Flocks.
Unborrow'd Luſtre ſhall the Fleece adorn,
And native Gold and Purple ſhall be Shorn.

In

In *Fate*'s eternal Volume 'tis decreed;
And the glad Years come rowling on with happy Speed.
Advance; and to thy destin'd Honours move,
O Darling Care! O genuine Seed of JOVE!
Aloft behold the God's inthron'd in State,
While Heav'n inclines beneath the glorious Weight!
Gay looks the Earth; the Skies serenely fair;
Calm are the Seas, and Breezes fan the Air.
Each jarring Element [illegible] its Rage,
Pleas'd with the Prospect of the *coming Age*.

O! that kind Heaven, propitious to my Vow,
Would to my Life so long a Space allow;
To celebrate the Blessings of thy Reign!
Not *Thracian* ORPHEUS with his pow'rful Strain,
Nor LINUS should the envy'd Prize obtain:
Tho' each great Parent did their Sons inspire,
And PHOEBUS with CALLIOPE conspire.
Should PAN's own Song be with my Numbers try'd,
And his own *Arcady* the Prize decide;

I Ev'n

Ev'n *Pan* himſelf, who with my Numbers vy'd,
Should loſe the Prize, tho' *Arcady* decide.

See! See! thy Mother ſmiles, Auſpicious Boy!
She owns her Ten Months Qualms o'erpaid with Joy.
The Parents Frowns the hapleſs Child ſhould dread:
No God ſhall grace his Board, nor Goddeſs bleſs his Bed.

To his Grace the Duke of ARGYLE.

April. 1714.

WHILE you, my LORD, by *Birth* and *Virtue* Great,
Depend not on the giddy Turns of State;
Nor aw'd by *Threats*, nor by vain *Flatt'ry* sway'd,
Can tamely see your *Country's Cause* betray'd;
But Brave and Wise with equal Merit claim
The *Gen'ral's* Triumph, and the *Patriot's* Fame:
In *Camps* ador'd, in *Senates* too rever'd;
By good Men *honour'd*, and by bad Men *fear'd*:
Tho' far retir'd from the ambitious Throng,
Soft Images alone employ my Song,
The Muse inamour'd with thy fair Renown,
Quits her lov'd Groves to seek the busy Town.

When

When with impartial Eyes we *Courts* ſurvey,
And ſee what *Inſects* in that *Sun-ſhine* play;
How *Vice* and *Folly* moſt Preferments ſhare;
And what *dull Rogues* are thoughtleſs *Monarchs* Care;
What *Mimick Nobles* do the Robe Diſgrace,
From Dunghils rais'd to *Dignity* and *Place*;
Such upſtart Giants, who were Pigmies born,
Tempt not our *Envy*, but provoke our *Scorn*.
Thoſe Titles only true Reſpect can give,
Which bold Exploits, or gen'rous Acts atchieve:
When Men, ſuperior by a Right of Fate,
(But ah! how far unlike the *Vulgar great*)
With Dauntleſs Courage, and a Godlike Mind,
By *Arts* improve, or *Arms* relieve Mankind.
This be thy Praiſe, —— who, while the *Star* you (wear,
Are leſs diſtinguiſh'd by that Mark you bear,
Of *Royal Favour*, on your *Noble Breaſt*,
Than by a *Soul* of ev'ry Grace poſſeſs'd.

Aſpiring, Gallant, Liberal, and Good,
Each Action blazons your illuſtrious Blood,
Which through ſucceſſive *Heroes* ſtill has run,
But ne'er before with ſuch *Advantage* ſhone.

The Beams your *Youthful Dawn* did firſt diſplay,
Foretold the Brightneſs of your *Future Day.*
Early you enter'd on the World's great Stage;
Saw, and deſpis'd the Follies of the Age;
Forſaking *Pleaſure*, and diſdaining *Reſt*,
The Thirſt of *Glory* fir'd your daring Breaſt.
Expos'd to Dangers, and inur'd to Care,
You firſt deſerv'd the *Lawrel* which you wear;
For the *Fair Prize* you thought no *Labours* hard,
When Honour call'd, to *ſuffer* was *Reward.*
Unſatisfy'd, tho' foremoſt in the Race,
As you *advanc'd*, you *quicken'd* ſtill your Pace;
Till long Experience, and ſuperior Senſe,
Gain'd you at laſt your juſt Preheminence.
Fortune, Fantaſtick in her Choice, we find
Rarely to thoſe, whom *Nature* Favours, Kind;

But

But here *Both Bleſſings* we behold compleat,
In You thoſe *Winding Streams* united meet.

By juſt Degrees acquainted with it's Weight,
Your *Virtue* ſinks not underneath your *State*.
No *Luxury* betrays your Thoughts to *Eaſe*.
No Starts of *Fancy* on your *Judgment* ſeize.
No *Pride* inſults; no *Vanity* prevails.
Juſtice and *Candour* poiſe the equal Scales.
Tho' Foe to all whoſe Pow'r affects Exceſs,
You ſtoop, like Heav'n, to hearken to Diſtreſs.
Kind without Affectation or Diſguiſe,
Your Heart makes good the Promiſe of your Eyes.

Falſe Heroes, rais'd by undeſerv'd Succeſs,
Jealous of others Merit, make it Leſs.
You, like the *Sun*, *eſſentially* are Bright,
Lend to the meaner Orbs a Portion of your Light:
Aid the young Vigour of a riſing Name;
Point out the Quarry, and provoke to Fame.
Poſſeſs'd of all for which fond Mortals toil,
You fear no *Rival*, and can want no *Foil*.

In

In various Lands your *Skill* and *Valour* long
Supply'd freſh Wonders to the Poet's Song.
The proud *Iberian*, and the faithleſs *Gaul*:
Have ſeen their Tow'rs beneath your Thunder fall.
Where'er you ſteer'd, ſucceſsful proſp'rous Gales
Favour'd your Courſe, and fill'd your ſpreading Sails.
But *now* the ſurly Drum, and ſprightly Fife,
No longer wake the drowſy World to Strife:
PEACE is ordain'd. ——
And oh! that diff'rent Wars did not ſucceed,
And *Civil Fury* make the Nation bleed,
While *Faction* does in ev'ry Place declaim,
And *Malice* blots out the Records of Fame.
No *Faith* is kept, no *Quarter* is allow'd,
Among theſe *Ruffian Champions* of the Crowd.
Each hot-brain'd Fool pleads Merit, if he can
Draw his vile Pen, and ſtab ſome envy'd Man.

Enough my Muſe — Reſtrain thy juſt Diſdain —
Thy Bus'neſs is to *Praiſe*, and not *Complain*.

And

And you, *my Lord*, in conſcious Virtue bold,
Careleſs and unconcern'd the Storm behold,
Firm as the deathleſs Gods you keep your Courſe;
Drive through the Waves, and Baffle all their Force.
Vain their Attempts! who wou'd the Man invade,
Whoſe *Arm* muſt conquer, and whoſe *Voice* perſuade.
(For *Britain*'s Annals ſhall with Pride record
Your *Tongue* no leſs victorious than your *Sword*.
That pow'rful Eloquence muſt needs ſucceed,
Where *Art* and *Nature* both united plead:
Where *Strength* and *Beauty* do the Charm compoſe,
Keen as the *Thiſtle*, ſweeter than the *Roſe*.)
With double Weapons you your Foes engage,
Convince their *Reaſon*, or diſarm their *Rage*.
Unlike the num'rous Herd of ſenſeleſs *Braves*,
Who, Fools to *Stateſmen*, or their *Fortune*'s Slaves,
Hire out for low Rewards their Health and Eaſe,
The *Plagues of War*, or *Lumber of a Peace*;
In either State you challenge our Eſteem;
The *Soldier*'s Darling, and the *Gownſman*'s Theme.

MI-

MINERVA so at *Athens* was confess'd,
With *Olive* crown'd, or in bright *Armour* dress'd.
Amidst the Cares, the Hurry, and the Strife,
That fill the busy Scenes of *Publick Life*,
You in your soft Retirement Leisure find,
With *gentler* Arts to entertain your Mind.
Tho' train'd to *nobler Wars*, you don't disdain
To listen to the *Combats of the Plain*:
The *Trumpet*'s Clangor, and the *Canon*'s Noise
Drown not the *Music* of the *Shepherd*'s Voice.
Few in this dull degen'rate Iron Age,
Who boast the *Martial*, share the *Tuneful* Rage.
In you great *Nature* shew'd herself profuse;
And form'd at once a *Hero* and a *Muse*.
To either Lawrel you have just pretence;
Your Country's *Ornament*, and her *Defence*.

Frag-

Fragment of a LETTER

To the Honble Mr. JAMES BRUDENELL, 1714.

CURSE on the *lazy*, *fawning*, *treach'rous* (*Tribes*
Who meanly would our *Freedom* circumscribe;
And bred themselves in *Slavry* and in *Vice*,
Would prostitute our *Reason* to their *Lies*.
Mistake me not ——— with Reverence I bow,
And bend my humbled Heart *devoutly* low
To those good Men, who *zealous* but *sincere*,
Serve at the Altar with Religious Fear,
Practise th' *Austerities* they gravely Teach,
And in their *Lives* as well as *Sermons* preach.
Such are the Guardian Angels of Mankind;
All must adore their Light who are not Blind.
But when some sawcy *Pedant* of the Schools
Would bridle *Senates* by Fantastick Rules;

When Mother *Church* turns *Bawd* to Regal Pow'r,
That her black Locuſts may the Land devour,
Each honeſt *Britton* ſhould aſſert his Right,
And put thoſe *Spiritual Dragoons* to Flight.

Too fully did a late Example ſhow
What ill Effects from *Superſtition* flow.
Our *Laws* and *Treaties* were become a Jeſt,
And blind Obedience was the only *Teſt*.
Some Prigg Divine was ready ſtill at hand,
With ſpread *Phylactery*, and *well-ſtarch'd Band*,
(The ſacred Enſigns of his dread Command)
To preach th' Abſurdity throughout the Land.
All Orders and Degrees of Men infected,
Acted as the ſmooth *Hypocrites* directed.
Laymen and *Prieſts* were huddled in the Cry,
And *Atheiſts* wrangled for a *Myſtery*.
Ev'n *Whores* would Cant *Religion* (ſo they mock'd her!
And lewdly TOASTED to the CHURCH and Doctor;
Rail'd

Rail'd at the *Taxes*, grumbled at the *War*;
While *Love* (poor Things!) was but their second Care;
For when oppress'd with Miseries like these,
How could they *Cultivate the Arts of Peace*?

On FRIENDSHIP.

To the Honourable

Collonel WILLIAM STANHOPE. 1715.

SAY, Gentle STANHOPE, for thou well can'ſt tell
The happy Charms that in true *Friendſhip* dwell,
Say, why thoſe Charms ſo ſeldom long endure;
Why few e'er taſte the gen'rous *Bleſſing* Pure;
But moſt ſtill find that *Cordial Wine* of Life,
Or much with *Flatt'ry* ſtum'd, or ſow'd with *Strife*.

The Cauſe ſeems this: To Vanity reſign'd,
Fancy not *Reaſon* rules our wayward Mind.
We ſeek not *Virtue* in the Man we Love,
But ſuch affect, who *Like* what we *Approve*.
With forc'd *Complacency*, and venal *Smiles*,
The *Harlot* thus, and *Paraſite* Beguiles.
The dear Diſſemblers we with *Pride* believe,
Nor think ſuch *civil Creatures* can Deceive.

When young, Unskilful of the World's false Arts,
Careless w' unlock to ev'ry Guest our Hearts;
Till better Taught, we by Experience find,
Smooth Looks are Artifice, and Vows are Wind.
Then Craftier grown (as Cullies turn to Rooks)
We try, perhaps, the *Cheat* on other Folks;
Revenge the Suff'rings of our heedless Youth;
And to our *Int'rest* sacrifice our *Truth*.

But *Virtue* in a Friend will not suffice,
He should not only *Honest* be, but *Wise*.
Discreetly *Bold*, and mannerly *Severe*,
Averse to *Court*, or to *Offend* the Ear;
Cautious, to skreen from *publick* View, or Shame,
Those Faults which he in *private* can't but blame.
Some, who'd disdain to act a *treach'rous Part*,
Turn Villains out of *Gaiety of Heart*;
And, to indulge their wanton *Ridicule*,
Will *shock* a modest Man to *please* a Fool:
For Fools are ever on the *laughing Side*;
And nothing easier is than to deride.

The

The Pert *Buffoon*, for Mischief only fit,
Is but, at best, the *Jackanapes* of Wit:
And sometimes Lash'd for his Impertinence,
The Fop proves merry at his own Expence.
Such course rude Freedoms are not to be born.
Malice is less Provoking far than *Scorn*.

Friendship's the highest *Elegance* of Mind,
Few know to *Relish* Pleasure so *refin'd*.
As *Poetry* can ne'er be Learn'd by *Art*,
(For Heav'n the tuneful Talent must impart.)
So *Friendship* seems a *Genius* to require,
Some *Spark* peculiar of *Celestial* Fire,
To guide our *Choice* by its unerring Light,
And wing our *Passions* in their noble Flight.
Where this bright Flame is kindled in the Soul,
It Mounts apace, and Spreads without controul.
The pregnant Seeds lye long perhaps conceal'd,
But oh! how fierce the Blaze, when once reveal'd!
Thus have we seen a secret wondrous Charm,
At the first View of one expos'd to harm,
With fond Concern a *Stranger*'s Breast alarm.

The

The Call of *Nature*, he with Joy obey'd,
Nor waited for *Reflexion*'s slower Aid:
Swift as a Wish with *Extacy* he mov'd,
And hurry'd to embrace the *New-beloved*,

When we consider, in this *Mortal* State,
How none are shelter'd from the Bolts of *Fate*;
What sudden Storms arise within our Sphere,
And change the Face of the inverted Year;
Methinks we should in *social Cares* unite,
Nor add our *Indolence* to *Fortune*'s SPITE;
But by Compassion of our Brother's Woe,
Engage his Help against the common Foe.
And tho' alike the *Pulpit* and the *Stage*,
Have both debauch'd to Rage or *Vice* the Age,
Yet ev'n in *these flagitious factious* Days,
Some I could name (and Such as all must praise)
Whom this *benign*, this *tender* Spirit sways.
To Merit *just*, to sad Misfortune *kind*,
Now *Pity* melts, now *Zeal* inflames their Mind.
But oh! in vain the grateful Muse would aim
Her *Duty*, or their *Bounty* to proclaim;

(To

(To whom my Soul bends more devoutly low,
Than *Mitred Hypocrites* at Altars Bow;)
My faint *Expressions* my *Ideas* wrong;
My *Heart*'s ill represented by my *Tongue*,
Some *Features* seem to mock the *Painter*'s Skill.
'Tis hard to draw a STANHOPE, or ARGYLE.

Le

Le CHEVALIER *sans soucis.*

I.

LET *Whig* and *Tory*, WILL, debate,
And in Defense of *Church* and *State*
Proclaim their zealous Folly;
While we, ingenious for our Ease,
Contrive our own *dear selves* to please,
And banish Melancholy.

II.

The Gay, the Witty, and the Fair,
Are all the *Parties* worth our Care;
The Rest would but *Enslave* Us.
Let Us adore the God of *Wine*,
Submit to *Beauty*'s Right-Divine,
And trust to *Chance* to save Us.

In Imitation of CATULLUS, ad ſeipſum.

Miſer CATULLE *deſinas ineptire,*
Et, quod vides periſſe, perditum ducas.

PRithee, PACK, the Strife give over,
Yield a Game you can't recover.
Once, 'tis true, thy Days were fair,
Free from Clouds of jealous Care,
When the lovely loving Maid
All thy Vows with Warmth repaid;
With a Thouſand Ways of Toying,
Still Inviting, never Cloying.
Once, indeed, thy Days were fair,
Free from Clouds of jealous Care.
But ſince grown Coquet and Vain,
She rejects thee with diſdain.

Quit

Quit the Fickle, False, Ingrate,
And revenge her *Scorn* with *Hate.*

Well! from hence I'll break my Chains.
Love adieu, and all thy Pains.
Lesbia too, perhaps, may Mourn,
When neglected, in her Turn;
When she sits whole Nights alone,
Sought by Few, believ'd by None.
Who will now that Bosom Press,
Mad with Joy, and sweet Excess?
Who will Mark those Lips with Kisses?
Who Dissolve in riper Blisses?
Well! at length I've broke my Chains.
Love adieu, and all thy Pains.

The LOVER'S *Parting.*

To a French *Air.*

I.

SHE. HARK! the Trumpet ſounds to Arms,
O fatal Noiſe!
Hark! the Trumpet ſounds to Arms,
Adieu my Joys!
Ah! the thouſand Fears I prove,
For thy *Life*, and for my *Love*.

II.

HE. Ceaſe thy Plaints, and dry thy Tears,
My Charming Maid!
Ceaſe thy Plaints, and dry thy Tears,
Nor Fate upbraid.
Heav'n that makes Mankind its Care,
Guards the *Brave* to ſerve the *Fair*.

STANZAS

STANZAS, *to the Tune of* COLIN'S *Complaint.*

I.

YE Nymphs who frequent thoſe ſweet Plains,
Where *Thame's* gentle Current doth glide,
Who whilom have heard my glad Strains,
Nor grateful Attention deny'd.
With Pity, ye Fair, oh reflect
On the cruel Reverſe of my Fate!
See *Conſtancy* paid with *Neglect*,
And *Fondneſs* rewarded with *Hate!*

II.

How joyous and gay was each Hour,
How wing'd with ſoft Pleaſures they fled,
E'er ſhipwreck'd on *Humber's* dull Shore,
By Love my poor Heart was betray'd!

For there the Deceiver doth dwell,
Whose Charms have so long been my Theme:
In Beauty the MAID doth excel,
But is *Fickle* and *Wild* as the *Stream.*

III.

If averse to my Courtship at first,
SHE had check'd my fond infant Desire,
Her Coldness had left me less curst,
And, perhaps, had extinguish'd my Fire.
But a thousand false Arts SHE employ'd,
(Ingenious and wanton in Ill)
The *Passion* SHE *nurs'd*, SHE *destroy'd*;
And only *Created* to *Kill.*

IV.

Yet tho' SHE delights in my Smart,
Tho' SHE robs me of all I held Dear,
Revenge is below a brave Heart,
I wish *Her* a *Lot* less *severe.*

May

May the *Swain* SHE ſhall Crown with Succeſs,
By his *Kindneſs* deſerve to be *priz'd*:
'Twould double, methinks, my *Diſtreſs*,
At laſt to ſee HER too *Deſpis'd*.

To Lady KATHERINE MANNORS.

Upon her Commending and Singing the foregoing STANZAS.

INſpir'd by Love, my tender artleſs Strains
Have oft, in lonely Shades, amus'd the *Swains*:
But ſhun'd to venture on a publick Scene,
The *Coxcomb*'s Envy, or the *Critick*'s Spleen;
Now more aſſur'd the modeſt Poet Writes,
Since YOU vouchſafe to *ſing* what he *indites*.
When *Britain*'s faireſt Nymph approves my Lays,
Dull were their *Cenſure*, and as *vain* their *Praiſe*.
Your *Favour*'s all the *Fame* my Verſe wou'd Boaſt;
The *Muſe* will ſhare the Merit of the *Toaſt*.

To JOHN CREED *of* Oundle *in* Northamptonshire, *Esq;*

Membrio in Catalonia, Oct. 9. 1709.

WHile you, dear CREED, secure at *Land*,
Enjoy your Fortune at Command;
And, careless of the Wind and Tide,
Anchor'd at *Oundle* safely ride:
I have been rowling on the *Ocean*,
Sick as I'd taken Pill or Potion.
Coup'd up within a narrow Cabbin,
(Grave as a *Monk*, or ancient *Rabbin*)
I led a Life so odd and lazy,
By JOVE it almost made me crazy.
Instead of Men of Conversation,
Mix'd with a *Wapping* Generation,
The Filth and Scum of all the Nation,

Rogues without Souls, or other Fire,
Than what their Brandy did inſpire;
I guzzled Flip, or viler Liquor,
And drank and ſmoak'd like Country Vicar.
But, Thanks to Heav'n, that Plague is o'er;
And I'm got ſafe again aſhore;
Where, free from Sickneſs, and from Sorrow,
I'll Live to Day, and — Hang to Morrow.
For I'm the ſame as heretofore;
Juſt as Extravagant and Poor:
Reſolv'd to ſpend the utmoſt Farthing;
And ne'er increaſe my Peſf by ſtarving:
But freely feed my Genial Fire,
Indulge each elegant Deſire,
While Wit, and Mirth, and gen'rous Wine,
Shall all their happy Forces join,
To ſoften the rough Scene of War,
And find a Charm for ev'ry Care.

Had I been Turn'd for Ways of Thriving,
(As my grave Father was Contriving)

E'er this you might have heard me Bawl
At *Weſtminſter*, or *Hicks's-Hall*:
I at the *Temple* had been Plodding,
Inſtead of *Plund'ring* and *Marauding*.
But 'tis in vain to force the Mind,
Which way ſoever 'tis inclin'd;
Elſe I ſhould never ſpend my Time in
This trifling Dogrel Vein of Rhiming,
But in plain Proſe, and better Senſe
Tell you what News there is from hence.

Our preſent *Theatre of War*
Lies chiefly here among the Fair:
How to ſubdue the *Ladies* Hearts;
And manage CUPID's pointed Darts.
Each *Cavalier* attacks his *Dame*,
And all our little *Camp*'s in Flame.
The *Spaniards*, to their Coſt, may feel
Our Eyes are fatal as our Steel.
F— Who, by Nature form'd for Love,
Alike does both the Sexes move,

With am'rous Airs and wanton Glances,
Tickles the young *Sennoras'* Fancies.
Whilſt I, who turn'd of Seven and twenty,
Find *Venus'* Treaſure not ſo Plenty,
With more Succeſs, and better Grace
Supply the abſent *Chaplain's* Place;
Admoniſh Youth to fly from Vice,
Abſtain from Whoring, Cards, and Dice,
And, like an *Orthodox Divine*,
Damn all Mens Sins, yet ſtick to mine.

I riſe each Day by Morning-Peep,
(For Hunger will not let me ſleep)
Then in fat *Chocolate* I Riot,
To bribe my Stomach to be quiet.
At Noon I twiſt at ſuch a rate,
Twould do you Good to ſee me Eat.
The *Prieſts*, who find me always Cramming,
Pray againſt *Hereſy* and *Famine*.
But how ſhould Men be Stout and Warlike,
Who feed on nought but Fiſh and Garlick.

'Tis *Beef* and *Pork* support the War,
And not their *Fasting*, nor their *Pray'r*.

When cooler Thoughts by chance prevail,
Sometimes from Company I steal,
With *Horace*, *Virgil* and *Tibullus*,
Or that most pleasant Droll *Catullus*,
In private I enjoy the Night,
And reap both *Profit* and *Delight*.

Thus in a merry idle Scene,
I make a Shift to steer between
Th' Extremes of Folly, or of Vice,
And hope in time I may grow wise:
Then worn a little of my Mettle,
I'll e'en go *Home*, and *Wive*, and *Settle*.

To Mr. ADDISON.

Occasioned by the News of the Victory obtained over the Rebels in Scotland, *by his Grace the Duke of* ARGYLE.

On Eagles Wings Immortal Scandals *fly,*
But virtuous *Actions are but Born and* Dye.
Dryd. Juv.

HOW long shall, ADDISON, thy charming Lyre
Hang up unstrung amid the tuneful Quire,
Thou! who with ev'ry Master Stroke of Art
To *Love* can sooth, or rouse to *Rage* the Heart?
One Labour more at least, sweet POET, yield;
And sing *Dunblain*, as well as *Blenheim* Field.
Germania there, was sav'd by CHURCHILL's Deed;
And *Britain* here, by CAMPBELL's Arm was freed.

Who

Who can to CAMPBELL's Worth a Verſe refuſe?
What nobler Subject for a *Patriot-Muſe*?
Of late the *Bigotry* of our dull Times,
Had ſunk the Dignity of Sacred Rhimes.
Mock-Triumphs only then ſupply'd our Scenes:
Pacifick-GENERALS, and *Pious*-QUEENS.
O vindicate the Majeſty of Verſe!
And loftier Things in loftier Song Rehearſe.
Deſcribe ARGYLE in all his Glories dreſs'd;
A Godlike Soul in Human Shape confeſs'd:
Like fair ADONIS beautiful and young;
Like great ALCIDES valorous and ſtrong:
In *Camps* experienc'd, and in *Courts* refin'd;
Like *Fate* reſolv'd, and yet as *Woman* kind.
If Heav'n, indulgent to my duteous Zeal,
Had bleſs'd me with ſome Portion of thy Skill,
In Verſe Immortal ſhould the *Hero* ſhine,
And MILTON's Thunder had been drown'd in *mine*.
But I, alas! a lower Theme muſt chuſe,
(An Ardent, but an Unſucceſsful Muſe!)
Content in humbler Numbers to commend
The Gen'rous *Patron*, and the Tender *Friend*.

A Bur-

A Burlesque Imitation of the First Ode of HORACE.

To my Friend Captain ANTHONY HINTON.

HINTON, whose happy-humour'd Face
Proclaims thy *gen'rous jovial* Race;
Frequent thou hast observ'd at *Feasts*,
The various *Tastes* of different Guests.
This *Squire* in *Venison* is a Glutton,
That swears the Prince of Meats is *Mutton*.
East-Saxons stick by kindred *Veal*,
And *Pork* to Tarr is *Duck* and *Teal*.
HUCKS will forsake good *Beef* and *Mustard*,
To run a muck at filthy *Custard*;
And THEE I've seen, with Paunch of Yeoman,
Quilt *Cheesecake* like a very Woman.
Pudding the Parson still commends,
And *Dumpling* too has many Friends.

Yet

Yet oft in vain an honeſt Hoſt,
May lavish forth *Boil'd*, *Bak'd*, and *Roaſt*;
Some *travell'd Fop*, more nice than wiſe,
Shall wholeſome Luxury deſpiſe,
And riſe from Table in Diſdain,
For want of *Ragouts* aud *Champaign*.
To me, whom frugal *Nature* meant
A Fool on eaſier Terms content.
Nought comes amiſs that Fate aſſigns,
Soups, *Haſhees*, *Fricaſſes*, or *Chines*:
But, ſince each Man will chuſe his Diſh,
If I too might indulge my Wiſh,
When in the circling Annual Dance
November ſhall her *Ides* advance,
To grace my *Birth-Day* ev'ry Year,
Turkey ſhould Crown my *Bill of Fare*.

The RETREAT.

To ——

WHILST within the silent Grove,
Favour'd by Auspicious *Love*,
You in *Peaceful Triumphs* reign,
All the *Trophies*, all the *Spoils*,
(Tho' so pompous) seem but vain,
That Reward the *Warrior*'s Toils.

See the chearful Hours advance,
Unmolested in their Dance.
Busy Hopes, and anxious Care
Change not here by turns the Scene:
All your *Days* are cloudless-Fair;
All your *Ev'nings* are serene.

On

On bright CYNTHIA's Boſom laid,
CYNTHIA for Inchantment made!
Through a World of Sweets you rove,
Unconfin'd as wanton Air:
When did e'er *Ambition* proye
Joys ſo *Tempting*, ſo *Sincere*?

Let the Storms of adverſe Fate
Fright the *Rich*, and ſhake the *Great*;
Let the *Waves* tumultuous riſe;
In that *Harbour* you're ſecure:
Hid from *Fortune*'s prying Eyes,
He's moſt *Happy*, who's *Obſcure*.

BRITISH
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MUSEUM

ESSAYS

ON

Study and *Converſation.*

In Two LETTERS to *D. C.*

Who deſired me to give him ſome RULES in Writing for his future CONDUCT.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXIX.

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ESSAYS
ON
STUDY and CONVERSATION.

LETTER I.
Of STUDY.

June 1714.

I Can never enough applaud the Resolution you have taken, my Dearest CAMPBELL, to distinguish your self from the Herd of idle young Fellows about the Town, by making a right use of that Leisure and

ſure you at preſent enjoy, to the Improvement of your *Reaſon*, and the Forming of your Manners. The Underſtanding, like a tender Plant, requires Pains to *Raiſe* it, and Care to *Preſerve* it. Yours hath, 'tis true, all the Signs of Health one can deſire; and if we may gueſs at the *Fruit* that is to be expected from its riper Seaſons by the *Bloſſoms* it puts forth in its Spring, your Friends have a great deal to Hope, and little to Fear for you. Yet this ought not to tempt you to Negligence, or Supineneſs: It ſhould the rather encourage your Induſtry in continuing to cultivate it; that it may grow, and ſpread, and flouriſh, and become, in Time, not only an Ornament to your ſelf, but a Shelter to others.

Now there are Two Ways only, that I know, by which we can pretend to advance ourſelves in general Knowledge, namely, by *Study* and *Converſation*. When we join *both theſe* together, we give the laſt Perfection to our Judgments. But if we truſt to either of them *ſingly*, we are ſure to be Miſled. They who live ſhut up in their Cloſets, and ſecluded from the Commerce of Mankind, can have but very narrow and

and contracted Views of Things. They will be apt upon all Occaſions, from *probable Suggeſtions*, to make *univerſal Concluſions*; and, fond of the Schemes they have erected in their own Heads, get an Habit of *Poſitiveneſs*, *Moroſeneſs*, and *Self-Sufficiency*. On the other Side, when we give up all our Time to Company, we grow, by Degrees, as it were *Strangers to our own Thoughts*; change our *Opinion* as we do our *Acquaintance*; and, governed leſs by *Principle* than *Example*, frequently ſacrifice *Virtue* and *good Senſe* to *Complacency* and *Faſhion*. It is neceſſary now and then to *Retire*, that we may *Recruit* our Minds by *Books*; and it is as uſeful ſometimes to mingle in *Society*, to *Exerciſe* them by *Diſcourſe*. But if we over-charge them with the *Firſt*, we ſhall abound with *Crudities*: If we are conſtantly engaged in the *Latter*, we muſt be ſoon *Exhauſted*. The Want of Diſcretion in *this Point*, is the Cauſe we meet with ſo many *Scholars* who are *Pedants*, and ſo many *Men of Fortune* who are *Blockheads*.

But Reflexions at large have ſeldom any other Effect than to Amuſe. We muſt make our Applications Directly, when we intend

they ſhould take Place. I ſhall therefore lay out the reſt of my Thoughts on this Subject with regard to *Your particular Circumſtances* and *Genius*. I ſhall conſider you as *a young Gentleman*, who have no Deſign to devote your ſelf either to *Letters*, or *Buſineſs*, as your *Profeſſion*; but who would indulge your *Taſte* for the One by *Reading*, and improve your *Talent* for the Other by *Obſervation*; who would not be altogether an idle Dreamer in the *Philoſophical*, nor a reſtleſs Adventurer in the *Ambitious* World: One who, upon the whole, prefer *good Senſe* to *Learning*, *Prudence* to *Politicks*, *Agreeableneſs* to *Popularity*. This is the *Idea* I have formed of You; and according to *this Plan* I ſhall propoſe the *Materials* that ſeem to me the moſt Proper for your Purpoſe.

To begin then with the Firſt Article, That of *Study*. The Books I would recommend to your Peruſal, as moſt ſubſervient to the Ends above-mentioned, are of the following Kinds: *Divinity*, *Morality*, *Natural* and *Civil Hiſtory*, *Logic*, *Rhetoric*, *Poetry*, and the lighter Compoſitions of

Wit and *Gallantry*. I ſhall juſt touch upon each of theſe Heads, and, having marked out the Roads through which you are to travel, will leave it to your own Choice, where to make your longeſt Stay, and exerciſe your greateſt Curioſity.

I. DIVINITY is the Knowledge of thoſe Matters, which *Religion* makes neceſſary for us to *Believe*, and *Practiſe*. And this certainly Deſerves our moſt ſerious Attention. It is juſtly thought a *Diſgrace*, and is always found an *Inconvenience* to be *Ignorant* of the *Laws* of one's *Country*. But much more *Scandalous* is the *Neglect*, more *Fatal* will be the *Conſequences*, if we live in *Ignorance*, or *Contempt* of thoſe of *God*; and ſuch we ſhould eſteem *Religion* to be. The many Sects, indeed, that have prevailed by Turns, or at the ſame Time in different Parts of the World, ſo *inconſiſtent* with each other, and yet all aſſerted with *equal Confidence* and Pretence to *Divine Authority*; have inclined ſome Men, in all Ages, to look upon *Religion* as the *Craft* of *Prieſts*, or an *Invention* of deſigning *Politicians*. But theſe *Unbelievers* have, for the moſt Part, been

found to be Men of light Minds, and profligate Manners. The Vanity of the *Idol* ſhould not make us Renounce the *Deity*. And, ſuppoſing even that the Being of a *Providence* were a Thing in doubt, on whatever ſide of the Queſtion the Truth may lie, the Importance of it is ſuch, that we ought, at leaſt, to allow it *a fair Enquiry*.

RELIGION may be divided into *Natural* and *Revealed*. The Former hath been more generally Agreed among Mankind than the Latter. But they who have Leiſure and Abilities ſhould ſearch into the Principles of Both; and not owe their *Opinions* to *Chance*, or the *Faſhion* of the *Place* where they Live. There are two *Treatiſes*, one writ by Biſhop WILKINS, the other by Archbiſhop TILLOTSON (which ſtands at the Beginning of his Works) that may ſupply the want of all others upon the Firſt Head. In theſe you will find all the Proofs the Nature of the Subject can admit, urged with ſuch clear and ſolid Reaſoning, as cannot, I think, fail to eſtabliſh your Mind without wavering. As to *Revealed Religion* (I mean the *Chriſtian*) GROTIUS hath undertaken to defend the *Truth*, and LOCKE the *Reaſonable-*

neſs

neſs of its *Inſtitution* and *Doctrine*. Beſides theſe, you will do well to read DU PIN upon the *Canon* of the *Scriptures*, and then proceed to *Examine* and *Compare* the *Scriptures* themſelves; and, where you ſhall be at a loſs about the Senſe, conſult the *Commentators*; among whom POOLE, HAMMOND, and WHITBY, are reckon'd in the firſt Claſs. However, give not up your Belief implicitly to any of their Interpretations, but follow your own Reaſon in the laſt Reſort. From hence you may deſcend to take a View of the Conſtitution of the Church of *England* in its *Articles* and *Catechiſm*. Several Learned Pens have been employ'd in giving Expoſitions of both; as Biſhop BURNETT, Biſhop BEVERIDGE, and Archbiſhop WAKE. It will not be amiſs likewiſe to Read thoſe Authors who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves upon the Points in Controverſy between the *Eſtabliſh'd Church*, and the *Roman Catholicks*, or any other *Diſſenters*. Archbiſhop TILLOTSON hath, with great Sharpneſs of Wit, and Strength of Argument, managed the War againſt the *Papiſts*; and the *Caſes of the London Divines* (of which Dr. BENNET hath publiſh'd an excellent

cellent Abridgment) are a Magazine where the moſt uſeful Weapons may be found that can be employ'd againſt the *Nonconformiſts*.

II. MORALITY treats of what is *Fit*, what is *Decent*, what is *Commendable* in *This World*, not what is *Neceſſary* to *Salvation* in the *Next*. It maketh *Virtue* the Effect of *Wiſdom*, and *Happineſs* the Reward of *Virtue*. The Ancient *Heathens*, both *Poets* and *Philoſophers*, have left behind them many admirable Monuments of their Wit and Learning upon this Topick. The *Satires* and *Epiſtles* of HORACE are an Inſtance of one kind; and the OFFICES of TULLY are eſteemed a Maſterpiece in the other. THEOPHRASTUS, EPICTETUS, ANTONINUS, and SENECA, are held in univerſal Veneration. Theſe have all been Naturaliz'd, and taught to ſpeak our Language. After theſe Reverenced Names of *Antiquity*, I will take Leave to mention the *Moderns* of our own Nation, who have Excelled in this Way, and inſinuated their *Inſtructions* in the moſt *Familiar* and *Delightful* Manner; I mean the Authors of the TATLER, SPECTATOR and GUARDIAN.

III. NATU-

III. NATURAL HISTORY is a Subject upon which I ſhall chiefly refer you to the *Hiſtory of the Royal Society*, compiled by the famous Biſhop SPRAT, where you will meet with the beſt Account of the Uſe of *Natural* and *Experimental Philoſophy*, deliver'd in a *Style* that is the moſt perfect *Model* of *Engliſh Eloquence*. There are ſeveral other Pieces writ before and ſince the Publication of that Work, by Members of the ſame Society, which are equally Curious and Uſeful.

IV. CIVIL HISTORY is, of all other Parts of Learning, the moſt agreeable Amuſement to an idle Man, and the moſt inſtructive Entertainment to a Man of Buſineſs. Our Curioſity is perpetually Awaken'd by ſomewhat *New* and *Diverting*; and the Remarkable *Examples* of *Perſons*, and *Events* of *Things* that occur in Books of this Nature, Beheld in their true Springs of Action, ſuggeſt to us many profitable Reflections for our *Conduct* both in a *Publick*, and a *Private* Life. It is a common Complaint, that our Countrymen have ſucceeded worſe in this

ſort

ſort of Writing than any other. Mr. MILTON, indeed, and Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, have cleared the Way, by their *Introductions*, to a *General Hiſtory of England*; and we have the Accounts of ſome particular Reigns from very good Pens, moſt of which are mention'd in the Preface to Sir W. TEMPLE's *Introduction*; and the Number of thoſe hath been lately augmented by the Noble Labours of the Lord Chancellour CLARENDON. But many Periods of our Story remain ſo Diſguiſed, or Mangled in the lame, or fabulous Relations that have been given of them, that we are left extremely in the Dark about thoſe Times in Matters even of the greateſt Concern; and we want ſome Comprehenſive Genius to go through the Whole, and thereby do Juſtice to a Nation, that hath not only Always made a very conſiderable Figure in the *Northern* Quarter of the World, but hath, by Turns, extended its Conqueſt in almoſt all the different Parts of it. To make what we have more Advantageous to You, I would adviſe you, when you read the *Lives* of any of our KINGS, to read at the ſame time the *Laws* that were made during their Reign; the *Wiſdom*

and

and *Greatneſs* of a PRINCE appearing as much by his *Inſtitutions* at Home, as by his *Exploits* Abroad. You ought likewiſe to acquaint your ſelf with the Hiſtory of our Neighbouring Kingdoms and States; ſuch more eſpecially with whom we have been long in *Alliance*, or *Commerce*. MEZERAY's Hiſtory of *France*, and MARIANA's of *Spain*, are reputed the Beſt. The Life of HENRY the Fourth of *France*, writ for the Uſe of LEWIS the XIVth, by his Preceptor the Archbiſhop of *Paris*, is an incomparable Piece. There are ſeveral other Lives, writ by different Authors, that may deſerve your Peruſal. If you deſire to have a general View in a ſmall Compaſs, PUFFENDORF will give it you in his *Introduction*. I pretend to ſay nothing of the *Greek* and *Roman* Hiſtorians, the Character of thoſe few that are extant being commonly known, and the beſt of them tranſlated into *Engliſh* or *French*. As for the *Originals*, you will not, I believe, find Leiſure or Inclination to make your ſelf Maſter of them, eſpecially the Firſt. The Epitome of the *Roman Hiſtory*, by Mr. ECHARD, and the *Antiquities* of *Rome* by Dr. KENNETT; as likewiſe thoſe

of *Greece*, by Biſhop POTTER, ought to have a Place in your little Library, and will be of uſe to you in explaining many things that you may be at a Loſs, without their Aſſiſtance, to underſtand in the general Courſe of your Reading.

Under this Chapter of HISTORY, though in an inferior Order, may be ranked MEMOIRS, TREATIES of *Peace* or *Alliance*, LETTERS, and *Publick* ACTS of Miniſters of *State*, of which there is greater Plenty in the *French* Language than in any other. Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, and the Earl of ARLINGTON's *Letters*, are of this kind in our own. The Obſervations upon the *Netherlands*, publiſhed by the Firſt of thoſe Great Men, diſcover the Author's Penetration and Skill in *Politicks*; but the many Changes that have ſince happened in that *Republick*, both as to the Form of its *Government*, and the Extent of its *Dominions*, will oblige you to have Recourſe to later Accounts.

V. LOGICK is the Art of *Reaſoning*; and I do not know a better Guide to ſet you right in that Way than Mr. LOCKE's *Eſſay* on

on *Human Underſtanding*. But you will do well to read the *Third Book* firſt, That being more familiar to a young Beginner than the *Two Former*.

VI. RHETORICK is the Art of *Speaking Elegantly*. But the beſt Method to attain that, is not, I think, to ſtudy *Rules*; but to converſe with the *Writings*, and be Preſent frequently at the *Diſcourſes* of the Greateſt Maſters. We want not in our own Nation many Noble *Orators*, who have Triumphed at the *Bar*, in the *Senate*, and the *Pulpit*. I need not tell you who are looked upon as the Ornaments of the Two Firſt. But You having been, perhaps, leſs inquiſitive after thoſe who have gained the moſt Applauſe in the Laſt, I ſhall give you a Liſt of ſome Few (among many more that might be named) who tho' they are not all Living, their Works will never Die, *viz.* Archbiſhop TILLOTSON, Biſhop SPRAT, Mr. YOUNG, Dr. BRADY, Biſhop BURNETT, Dr. SCOTT, Biſhop ATTERBURY, and Dr. CRADOCK's incomparable *Sermon* on *Providence*, preached before King CHARLES II. If you would go farther, and deſire

to know what were the mighty Talents that made CICERO, and DEMOSTHENES ſo Powerful in their own Countries, and ſo Admired in all others, Read the *Compariſons* of the Judicious RAPIN, and his Treatiſe of *Eloquence*, where you will find an Extract of all that is valuable in the Books of the Ancient *Rhetoricians*.

VII. Of POETRY, conſidered as an *Art*, I ſhall ſay nothing, there having been ſo many Excellent Writers who have treated of it under its ſeveral Species. I will only Point out to you ſome of the principal Poets of our *own*, and the *French* Nation, and leave you to ſatisfy your Enquiry more at large from DRYDEN, BOSSU, DACIER, RAPIN, ROSCOMMON, and POPE.

The firſt in Dignity among *our* Poets in the *Epic* Way is without diſpute MILTON; but in reading him, you muſt give a more than ordinary Attention. The Height of the Subject, the Variety of Learning that is interſpers'd through the whole Work, the Obſoleteneſs of many of his Terms, and the Length of his Periods, will ſoon make him grow tedious to an Indiligent

diligent Reader; but the longer you *Contemplate*, the more you will *Admire* his *Beauties*. After you have carefully perused him, and made your own Remarks, which always set down in Writing, tho' you fling them away afterwards (for it will, should it be of no other Advantage, teach you to express your Thoughts clearly and pertinently) Read what hath been publish'd by the *Criticks*, who have writ either in his *Commendation*, or *Censure*. Thus you will have the Satisfaction to find your *Judgment* in some places *confirm'd*, in others *inform'd*, and many *Hints* started that may be of Use to you in Reading him again. But if you consult his *Criticks*, before you have impartially considered your *Author*, you will run the Hazard of being *Prejudic'd*; or, however, will not be able to distinguish your *own* Observations from those of *other People*.

Spenser and Cowley are Poets too of the *Heroic* Order; an Account of the *Writings* of the Last hath been given us with his *Life*, by the incomparable Bishop Sprat. The *French* have nothing that ever I heard to be worth Reading in this Kind.

Trage-

TRAGEDY may juſtly claim the next Honour to the Epic; and the greateſt *Genius* we have had in this Way was certainly SHAKESPEAR. But he is not without his Faults. He often quits the Buskin to trip about in Pantoffles. No Man could live in thoſe Days without his Quibble. Stateſmen and Biſhops *Punn'd* for Preferment; while the *Royal Example* led them into that Emulation: It is not therefore ſurprizing that a Stage-Poet ſhould fall in with the Humour of the Court. It is more to be wonder'd that he could reach the Heights he did, and Where he will always reign unrival'd; than that he ſhould, in Complaiſance to the vicious Taſte of the Age, ſometimes deſcend below himſelf. In raiſing *Pity* (one of the great Ends of *Tragedy*) OTWAY hath ſhewn more Skill than any of his *Contemporaries*. There is ſomewhat inexpreſſibly moving in the *Suffering* Parts of his *Orphan*, and his *Venice Preſerv'd*. And he hath that Characteriſtick, that HORACE thinks ſo neceſſary to a Tragic Poet who would ſucceed, that is, to ſeem ſincerely affected by thoſe Paſſions which he intended to excite in his Audience. There are

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ſome other late Authors, who are in every one's Hands, that enjoy a very juſt Reputation for this kind of Writing. Among the *French*, CORNEILLE and RACINE have excell'd.

For COMEDY, BEN JOHNSON, BEAUMONT, and FLETCHER, are celebrated Names. But to confeſs the Truth to you, I have never read any of them ſince I was able to judge of their Characters; ſo have only mention'd them in Paſſing.

CONGREVE, of all the Moderns, ſeems to me to have the righteſt Turn for *Comedy*. In all his Plays there is a great deal of Lively and Uncommon Humour, and ſuch as yet, for the moſt part, is a Picture of true Life. Beſides, he hath raiſed the Vein of *Ridicule*, and made the Stage, which had been too much proſtituted to the Mob, *edifying* to Perſons of the firſt Condition. And as his Fable is Diverting, ſo is it wrought according to the ſtricteſt Rules. WYCHERLY abounds in *Wit* and *Satire*. ETHERIDGE is *Polite*. SOUTHERN is remarkable for the *Purity* of his *Diction*, and VANBRUGH's Dialogue is extremely *Eaſy*, and well-turn'd.

MOLIERE

MOLIERE is acknowledged the greateſt Genius the *French* have ever had for *Comedy*.

For *Satire*, DRYDEN, ROCHESTER, and BOILEAU, have excelled all the Moderns. The Firſt of which great Men diſtinguiſhed himſelf in almoſt every Kind of *Poeſy*, and, at the ſame Time, deſerves no leſs to be admired for the Correctneſs, and Harmony of his *Proſe*. But in his *Poetical* Works, as his Beauties are allowed by all to be very Great, ſo his Faults are confeſſed by the moſt Partial to his Fame to be very Numerous.

Upon the Subjects of *Love* and *Panegyrick*, Mr. WALLER hath writ better than any Man. He hath at once a *Fancy* the moſt *elevated*, *Sentiments* the moſt *delicate*, and a *Judgment* the moſt *correct* of all our Poets. He was the Firſt who reform'd our Verſification, and his Numbers will laſt as long as our Language. Sir JOHN DENHAM's *Cooper's Hill* hath render'd him Immortal.

The DISPENSARY of Sir SAMUEL GARTH hath loſt and gain'd in every Edition. Almoſt every Thing he left out was a Robbery

ry from the Publick: Every Thing he added hath been an Embelliſhment to his *Poem*.

Mr. PRIOR hath joined to a natural good Genius an happy Imitation of the Ancients, and the moſt elaborate Care in his Compoſitions. One may diſcover, that the File and the Chiſſel have been often employed in bringing his Works to the Perfection in which we now Behold them.

Mr. ADDISON is graceful, eaſy, natural, and juſt. There is nothing redundant; nothing that looks like Impropriety in him. He ſhapes his Thoughts with the greateſt Exactneſs, and yet they are the freeſt from Conſtraint that can be. His Character of the *Engliſh* Poets is a fine Piece, where he hath not only deſcribed their ſeveral *Excellencies*, but imitated their different *Styles*. His Poem entitled, *The Campaign*, his *Epiſtle* from *Italy* to the late Earl of HALIFAX, his Tranſlations from OVID, his *Cato*, his *Latin* Poems, and in a word, every Thing we have of his Faſhion, ſhews the laſt Hand of a great Maſter.

Among the *Miſcellanies* that were publiſhed by Mr. DRYDEN, there are many Tranſlations, and ſome original Poems by very good Hands. But I remember Three little Pieces, that infinitely pleaſed me when I read them. One is a Song by the late Earl of DORSET, and begins thus, *May the Ambitious ever find*, &c. The other are Two Lyrics by the Earl of ROCHESTER. 1. *An Imitation of* CORNELIUS GALLUS. 2. APOLLO's *Lamentation for the Death of* HYACINTH. I own, I had rather have been the Author of theſe Three Copies of Verſes than of all TOM BROWN's Works, tho' very few of them are without Wit. But a CUPID, or a VENUS of RAPHAEL URBIN, or CORREGGIO, is worth a whole Auction of modern Pretenders.

VIII. I come now to conſider the laſt Article of the firſt general Head, The lighter Compoſitions of *Wit* and *Gallantry*. And here I ſhall content my ſelf with giving you a few Reflections upon thoſe *Authors*, who have been the moſt ſhining in this Way, among the Moderns. At the Head of theſe, I think, I may juſtly place

place St. EVREMOND: The Delicacy of whoſe Sentiments in *Friendſhip*, in *Love*, in *Luxury*; his happy Turn for *genteel Raillery*; his *courtly Manners*; the *Propriety*, *Clearneſs*, and *Beauty* of his Style, are Proofs of an extraordinary Genius, an uncommon Obſervation, and a Commerce with the Firſt of Mankind. He who deſerves the next Rank to him, is a Countryman of his own, one who was his Contemporary, and had been his Friend and Fellow Adventurer in *Love* and in *War*, I mean BUSSI RABUTIN, Author of *Les Amours de Gaule*; which Book, though it is writ pretty much in the Spirit of Lewdneſs, hath a Thouſand irreſiſtible Graces that are *Chaſte*, and *Unſullied*. The Characters are *Fine* and *Maſterly*, the *Raillery pleaſantly ſevere*, the Relation full of entertaining *Variety*, and the Language hath the utmoſt Purity. But it is rare to meet with a correct Copy.

There is no Sort of Writing in which a Man hath a freer Scope to ſhew his *Wit*, his *Humour*, or his *Gallantry*, than in his LETTERS: And of theſe the *French* have publiſhed the largeſt Collections. The

Author I laſt mentioned, hath left behind him no leſs than Seven Volumes, of which the firſt Four, particularly thoſe addreſſed to Madam SEVIGNY (whoſe Anſwers too have an equal Merit) are writ in the moſt natural, eaſy, and unaffected Manner, and may ſerve for a Pattern of juſt Writing to all who would ſucceed in the *Familiar* Way. Nor muſt I paſs by, on this Occaſion, my old Favourite VOITURE, whoſe Manner, though it be very different from that of the Gentleman before-mentioned, is no leſs *Gallant*. He is, I own, the Author in the World, who can always put me into good Humour. The inimitable Turns of his Wit, even upon the moſt barren Subjects; his Droll-Mirth, his Quotations ſo happily applied, free from any of that *Pedantry* ſo offenſive in moſt others, who mingle the learned Languages with their own; his Skill in that hardeſt Part of good Breeding, *Complimenting the Ladies* (where he never runs into *common Place*) and *Flattering the Great* (where he never deſcends to *Servility* or *Meanneſs*;) in ſhort, the *Generoſity*, as well as *Gaiety* of his Soul, runs through all he writes, and makes one not only read

him

him with *Admiration*, but *Affection*. I doubt not but the Laſt, and this Preſent Age, hath produced many Perſons among our ſelves, whoſe Entertainments in this Kind, had they been made publick, might have vied with the beſt of thoſe in our Neighbour Nations. But whether it be from the Modeſty of the Authors, who are content with pleaſing their Friends and Miſtreſſes, without the Vanity of letting the World into the Secret of their Familiarities, or Intrigues; or from the Genius of our People, who are generally Grave, and leſs Inquiſitive after Pieces of Wit, than the more uſeful Works of Reaſon; or from whatever other Cauſe it may proceed, ſo it is, that the *Engliſh* have not many Collections of *Familiar Letters* that are of any Value. We have indeed ſome few of the Witty Lord ROCHESTER, but thoſe very imperfect, and mangled. I have ſeen ſome others in the *Miſcellanea Aulica* that have a right Turn; among which there are Five or Six writ by King CHARLES the IId, during his Exile, to Mr. *Bennett*, afterwards Earl of ARLINGTON, that give a true Image of the careleſs and diſengaged Tem-

per

per of that happy-humoured MONARCH. I will add to theſe a ſmall Volume of Letters, writ by the late ingenious Mr. *Walſh*, (whoſe Defenſe of the Female Sex added very much to the Reputation of his Wit, though not much, I believe, to his Conqueſt among the Ladies). But the beſt Letters I have met with in our Tongue are thoſe of the celebrated Mrs. PHILIPS: They are addreſſed to Sir CHARLES COTTEREL, Grandfather, I ſuppoſe, to the Gentleman who bears that Title at preſent. As they are directed all to the ſame Perſon, ſo they run all in the ſame Strain, and ſeem to have been employed in the Service of a refined and generous Friendſhip In a word, they are ſuch as a Woman of Spirit and Virtue ſhould write to a Courtier of Honour, and true Gallantry. I don't know whether I have many of my Opinion, but I muſt declare they pleaſe my Taſte extremely. But if you would be entertained with ſome that are more *luſcious*, let me recommend to you the *Sylvia* and *Philander* of Mrs. BEHN.

I am

I am unwilling to dwell longer on this Subject, leſt at a Time, when I have been criticiſing upon other People's Letters, I ſhould grow tedious, and want an Excuſe for my own. I ſhall defer to my next what I have farther to offer to your Conſideration. And am ever with the greateſt Truth and Affection,

Yours, R. P.

LET-

LETTER II.

Of CONVERSATION.

Dear DAVY,

August 11. 1714.

AN unforeseen Accident occasioned this long Interval between my Former, and This Letter in which I had promised to give you my Thoughts upon the other *General Head*, under which I had ranged the few Rules of Advice I proposed for your Observation; namely, CONVERSATION. And here I shall only fling together a few occasional Reflections, without pretending to treat of a Subject in Form; that demands a long Practice of the World, and the finest Discernment

ment for the juſt Management of it. Sometimes it hath happened, that a looſe Hint from a Friend hath had a quicker Effect upon the Mind, than the formal Precepts of more finiſhed Diſcourſes, which are often compoſed in Oſtentation rather of the Writer's Wit, than for the Benefit of the Reader. But to proceed.

There is certainly nothing that hangs ſo ſtrong a Biaſs upon our Inclinations, or Underſtandings as CONVERSATION. The Thoughts of an Author many Times eſcape us in a tranſient Reading; and when we allow them a cloſer Attention, the Impreſſions they make are Faint, in Compariſon of thoſe that are accompanied with Action. The very Humours and Paſſions of the Perſons with whom we conſtantly aſſociate, mingle, as it were, with our Souls; and we ſlide inſenſibly into their Principles and Practices.

It hath been obſerved of ATTICUS, CICERO, and HORTENSIUS, the Three wiſeſt Men in their Time among the *Romans*, that the ſame Perſons, who were their Friends in their old Age, had been their Familiars

in their Youth. The Habitudes we make at our firſt ſetting out, have, doubtleſs, a very great Influence on our future Journey. But how difficult is the Choice? How eaſy the Miſtake? While *Pleaſure*, *Prejudice*, and *Flattery* all conſpire to *Blind* Us.

I. The Perſuit of PLEASURE, during our Youth, doth very much pervert us in the Choice of our Companions. Our Deſires are then the Strongeſt and moſt Violent; and we oppoſe, or run counter to every Thing that ſeems to Baulk them. We wantonly refuſe as flat and taſteleſs, though never ſo ſound and nouriſhing, whatever doth not tickle our capricious Appetites. Thus the Man of Buſineſs ſhall paſs for a dull plodding Fellow, the Scholar for a Pedant, and whatever carries a Face of Gravity or ſober Manners, become the Subject of our Scorn or Raillery.

II. PREJUDICE is very apt to infect the Minds of young People, and miſlead them in the Judgments they form of others. The Warmth of their Conſtitutions makes them Eager, and want of Experience makes

them

them liable to Miſtakes, while, having met with few Misfortunes to mortify the Pride of Heart that is natural to Youth, their Inclinations or Averſions, though never ſo ill-founded, are not eaſily removed.

But, *Thirdly*, What blinds young People the moſt is FLATTERY. Beſides the Vanity that is common to all Men, and lays open even the moſt Diſcerning to Attempts of this Kind, the Frankneſs and good Nature, which are uſual among the younger Sort, render them leſs ſuſpicious, and conſequently more unguarded, than thoſe who have lived longer in the World, and known more of the Arts of it. They therefore receive the Commendations of the Unskilful, and the Careſſes of the Self-intereſted, without calling in Queſtion the *Judgment* of the One, or the *Sincerity* of the Other.

The firſt Thing then I would recommend to you, is, always to carry this Reflection in your Mind, That *there is ever ſomewhat like Pride that accompanies real Merit.* Men of that Character make but very ſlow Advances, and never perſue Strangers with Offers of Intimacy. When there-

fore you meet with any one, who opens his Cabinet to you at once, you may almost venture to conclude, it contains nothing but Trifles. This is not, however, so establiſhed a Maxim, but that we ſee ſometimes, tho' very rarely, in Exception to it, Two Perſons of good Underſtanding *ſtrike out a Friendſhip*, as it were, at a *Heat*: Yet then this happens from ſome lucky Agreement of their Sentiments and Studies, or from ſome generous Overture of real Service, That ſufficiently diſtinguiſh it from the *Luſt of Fancy*, or the *Artifice of falſe Profeſſors*.

Another Conſideration that ought to be of Weight with you, to direct you not only in the Choice of your Companions, but to qualify your ſelf for Company, is this, *That no Converſation can long be Pleaſing, that is not, in ſome Degree, Profitable.* We may be fond for a while of the *Gay*, the *Giddy*, and the *Frolickſome*; but we ſhall find, in Time, that there muſt be a *ſound Head*, as well as a *chearful Heart*, to make the Entertainment laſting. It is not a Man's Perſon, or Fortune, or ſome faſhionable Impertinence in his Talk, (which with

the unthinking passes for Wit) that will protect him from the Contempt that never fails to fall on *Coxcombs* in the End.

Let *Party* in Religion never enter into your Choice of a Companion. The Marks of *Right* and *Wrong* in Matters of Opinion are very uncertain, and can never be fettled by Men equally fallible. I would therefore always prefer the Converfation of a *Heretick* of good Senfe, to that of the moft *Orthodox Blockhead* in *Chriftendom*.

TRUTH is the firft Quality to be regarded in a Perfon with whom one converfeth. Without that, *Wit* is often *Pernicious*, and *Plaifantry* is always *Forced* and *Unnatural*.

CONVERSATION is no doubt the beft *Reformer of Manners*. But in order to make it be ferviceable to that End, we fhould ftudy the peculiar Vices and Infirmities of our own Natures. It is not enough we converfe with only fuch, who are of a *Valuable*, the Skill lies in chufing fuch as are of a *Proper* Character. If the Complexion of our Temper be *Splenetick* or *Melancholy*, we fhould enliven it with the *Mirthful* and the *Sprightly*. If we are apt

to

to run into indecent *Levities*, we should correct that Irregularity by associating with the *Grave*. If we have a rougher Cast of Mind, or are conscious of any Thing shocking in our *Humour* or *Address*, we should wear off that *Rust*, and endeavour to polish our selves, by frequenting the Company of such, who are distinguished for their *Complaisance* and *Good-Breeding*.

That Thing called *Good-Breeding*, is too much neglected among the *English*. Our Countrymen think it sufficient, if they are possessed of the more solid Virtues, without the Ornaments of Life. But this is certainly a Mistake. Many an Affair has miscarried by the neglect only of some small Circumstance or Ceremony. In short, the *World* is like other *Mistresses*, and we must *Dress at Her*, if we expect to *Gain Her*.

There is a bewitching *Softness* in some Men's *Civility*, that is strangely *Reconciling*. It disarms one's Caution at the first Encounter. And they may be said to *Look*, rather than to *Reason* a Man into their *Opinion*.

For-

Forwardness in *Converſation* doth always *Diſguſt*; but *Aſſurance* is Neceſſary: For want of this it hath often been obſerved, that Four or Five *Engliſhmen* have met together, and not one of them hath dared to break the Ice half an Hour. Beſides, the *Sinews* of the Mind ſhrink, and *Good-Senſe* looks out of *Countenance*, when delivered from the Mouth of a *Baſhful Man*.

A *Numerous Acquaintance* is inconvenient, becauſe by that Means you may be drawn into Engagements which you ſhall afterwards Repent, though not eaſily get clear of; (for nothing is ſo difficult, as to ſhake off a *Fool*, or a *Knave*, who hath once crept into ones *Familiarity*;) nothing but downright declaring War, and that is not always expedient, can free you from the Incumbrance of ſuch uſeleſs or deſigning Allies) and as a numerous Acquaintance is inconvenient, a numerous Company is Unedifying. It is a Kind of Chaos, and nothing beautiful can ariſe from ſuch Jarring Elements. But a General Acquaintance is always improving, and a General Converſation diverting: For there we enjoy Variety without Hazard, or Confuſion.

ſion. To be linked in the Society of one particular Order of Men, to narrow our Views, and warp the Understanding. This is very remarkable among the Students of our *Univerſities*, and *Inns of Court*. The One imagine Reaſon to have no Authority, but in the Chair of ARISTOTLE; while the others think Time never ſo well employed, as when ſhe is *Putting of Caſes*. In like manner, to be perpetually inſiſting upon the ſame Topick of Diſcourſe is tireſome to a liberal Mind, that is ſtill impatient after new Diſcoveries. We ſhould, in this, imitate the Prudence of thoſe Merchants, who having but a ſmall Stock of their own to ſet out with, make a *Trading Voyage* from *Port* to *Port*, and by exchanging the Commodities of one Province, or Country, for thoſe of another, bring back at laſt vaſt Returns for themſelves. Thus we too may make our Advantage by converſing Promiſcuouſly, with Men of Ability in their ſeveral Profeſſions, we ſhall learn from every one ſomewhat that is either Uſeful to our ſelves, or Acceptable to others. If any Thing I have here ſuggeſted can be ſo to you, I ſhall

think

think the [illegible] Time I have bestowed on these Reflections very well spent. I have forborn to enlarge them, because I know the Present Turn of Affairs entertains you much better, than any Thing could do that my Solitude can produce. Believe me upon all Occasions, and in all Places, my Dear CAMPBELL,

Your most Affectionate

Humble Servant,

RICHARDSON PACK.

EPITAPH *for my dear Friend* DAVID CAMPBELL.

SPrung from an Ancient, and Illuſtrious Line,
(O may it to *Eternal Ages* ſhine!)
Here lies interr'd * a much lamented Youth,
For *Senſe* Diſtinguiſh'd, and Eſteem'd for *Truth*:
Whom Heav'n had faſhion'd with *peculiar Care*,
And form'd the *Darling* of the *Brave*, and *Fair*.
To the rich Talents *Nature* did impart,
He joyn'd the fine Embelliſhments of *Art*:
Yet liv'd as much *Unenvy'd*, as *Admir'd*.
But ah! how ſoon alas his *Life* expir'd.
The Noble Plant was dreſs'd in *Beauty*'s Pride;
Gaily it *Bloom'd*, but in the *Blooming* dy'd.

* *In St.* James's *Church*, Weſtminſter.

Yet

Ye *Virtues* mourn! ye *Loves* and *Graces* weep!
And round Your *Vot'ry*'s Urn ſtrict *Vigils* keep!
And you, ſweet Maids, who lately bleſs'd his
(Charms,
Tho' he no more muſt *fold you in his Arms*,
Cheriſh the *Dear Remembrance* in your Heart,
And let no *Fop* intrude where CAMPBELL had a
(Part.

Writ at SEA *in* 1709, *to a Friend on Board the Admiral.*

TO you, dear COTTON, who on Board
Have all that Land, or Seas afford,
And, if you pleaſe, in *Fortune*'s Spight,
May laugh from Morning until Night;
Poor PACK in doleful Cabbin ſhut,
No bigger than the *Cynick*'s Hut,
Makes bold to ſend this homely Greeting,
Hopeing, e'er long, a happy Meeting.

The Moon has thrice renew'd her Prime,
(Aid me, ſome friendly *Muſe*, with Rhime!)
Since firſt our *Redcoats* and their *Trulls*,
Were ſtow'd on Board theſe rotten *Hulls*;

Where

Where we, condemn'd to *Dirt and Fleas*,
Live, God knows, little at our Eaſe,
For all we're cramm'd with *Pork* and *Peaſe*.
Oft have I wiſh'd the Coxcomb damn'd,
Who weary of his Native Land,
Firſt fell'd for *Maſts* the Mountain *Pine*,
And ſpoil'd good honeſt *Beef* with *Brine*.
'Tis true, whilſt we indulg'd in *Claret*,
I made ſome kind o' Shift to bear it.
But what Defenſe againſt the *Hip* ——
Now we're reduc'd from *Wine* to *Flip*?
Nay more, I fear I ſhall e'er long
Have neither Liquor ſmall or ſtrong,
To quench my Thirſt, or cool my Tongue.
Unleſs, *my Dear*, I can prevail,
With you to Beg, or elſe —— to Steal,
A Dozen or Two of *Wine* or *Ale*.
May you ſucceed! and ſo FAREWEL.

AMIN-

Amintor *to* Sylvia.

UNjuſtly, Sylvia, you my Coldneſs blame;
I wiſh, *my Dear*, that I were *ſtill the Same*.
But Nature ſeconds not my fond *Deſires*;
The *Oil* once ſpent, o' courſe the *Lamp* expires.
Love's Food is *Luſcious*, and too apt to fill;
And 'tis the *Devil* to eat againſt one's Will,
Your wanton Cupid 's an *Inſatiate* Gueſt,
And thinks that ev'ry *Meal* muſt be a *Feaſt*.
I play'd my Part as ably as I cou'd;
But thou'rt, i' faith, too hard for *Fleſh* and *Blood*.
Have Conſcience, Fair One, and the *Vanquiſh'd* ſpare;
Grant a ſhort *Truce* — divert a while the *War* —
Draw off your Forces from a *ravag'd Land*,
And ſeek ſome *Wealthier Province* to command.

Nor

Nor live ingloriously a vulgar Name,
Content at one poor *Stream* to ſlake your Flame,
Who, like the glorious Ruler of the Day,
Demand, to quench your Fires, at leaſt a *Sea*.
Your *Beauty* too ſhould, like his *Beams*, deſign'd
A *Gen'ral* Good, be to no One *Confin'd*.
Conceal not then the Luſtre of your Charms,
Open to All, the *Heaven* within your Arms.
Mankind for this alone the *Gods* Adore,
Becauſe their *Bounty*'s equal to their *Pow'r*.

Dear

To Colonel WILLIAM STANHOPE.

Dear Sir,

Octob. 4. 1714.

THO' after Addreſſing Two Letters to you juſt before, it may ſeem Impertinent to trouble you ſo ſoon with a Third, yet I cannot reſiſt the Temptation of giving you Joy upon the late Promotions; in which I hope you may find your Intereſt, as well as your Inclination gratified. While the reſt of the World are making their Court, upon this Occaſion, in Town, I am content here in the Country to read the Triumphs of my Friends twice a Week in the *Gazette*. My Ambition at preſent is turned quite another Way; and all my humble Endeavours are directed to pleaſe the Fair. There is a little Papiſt Villain in the Neighbourhood, ('tis a Defect in our Language, that the Termination of the *Adjective* doth not mark the *Gender*, but you are to underſtand this in the *Fæminine*) who hath

hath robbed me of my Heart; and I have ſcarce had an Hour's ſound Sleep, except it was at Church, theſe Two Months. I know that all this is very Ridiculous; and that an Half-Pay Officer ought no more to be in Love than a Common Whore. People of ſuch *Precarious* Subſiſtence ſhould give into no *Paſſion* that is not ſupported by *Gain*. But when Indiſcretion cheats us in the Shape of Pleaſure, who can eſcape the Snare? I have this Comfort ſtill in Reſerve - --- that, as I have an *Heart entirely* Engliſh, it is odds whether I continue Two Months longer in the *ſame Mind*. There is one Inſtance, however, of my *Conſtancy*, that will never, I am ſure, be impeached: I wiſh indeed it were not clogged with the Obligations you have laid upon me, and then you would know it is as much upon the Account of your Perſonal Merit as any Favours you have conferr'd on Me, that I profeſs my ſelf,

SIR,

Your moſt Faithful,

and Obedient Servant,

R. P.

To a Young Lady, who told me, the Army had no Religion; and challenged me to ſhew her a PRAYER, *that had been made by a Soldier.*

MADAM,

IT was always with the greateſt Attention that I received the Honour of your Commands, and it is an equal Pleaſure to me, when I am employed to execute them: But the Task you impoſed upon me laſt Night, was what, I confeſs, ſurprized me. In a Viſit where I hoped to have been entertained as a *Lover*, I little expected to be conſulted as a *Divine*; nor did I believe you would have had the Curioſity, inſtead of hearkening to the Faithful *Vows* I was addreſſing to You, to enquire about thoſe I made to *Heaven*. As St. PAUL became all Things to all Men that he might gain ſome, ſo I find too (I ſpeak it under all the Reſtri-

ſtrictions of Modeſty) that a Man muſt become all Things to all Women, if he would pretend to ſucceed with Any. It is an unaccountable Prejudice, that prevails of late againſt our Profeſſion; and particularly among the Fair Sex, who ſeem to judge that Virtue and Vice conſiſt rather in the Dreſs of a TRIBE, than the Habit of the *Mind*. The *Prayer* I ſend you incloſed, (which, I give you my Word of Honour, was made by a *Soldier*) will, I hope, convince you, there are ſome MILITARY *Men* who deſerve not to be *Excommunicated* from the chaſteſt Drawing Rooms. I ſhall ſubmit to your Lady Mother, whether the Author, or her Chaplain be the better CASUIST of the Two: But when the Queſtion ſhall ariſe about a GALLANT, I beg you to believe, you'll never find one, who is with more *Devotion* than my ſelf,

Madam,

Your moſt Faithful, &c.

The PRAYER.

O God, thou Searcher of Hearts, and Judge of all Men, before whoſe Awful Throne we ſhould tremble to Approach, did not thy Mercy make thy Juſtice leſs Terrible; look down, I beſeech Thee, with Favour and Compaſſion upon me, miſerable Sinner! Pardon my Offences, and pity my Infirmities. Be not extreme to mark my Follies: *For in thy Sight ſhall no Man living be juſtified.* Remember, I am but poor Duſt and Aſhes, the Child of Vanity, and the Sport of Paſſions. Without thy Aid, O Lord, all our Endeavours after Righteouſneſs are Fruitleſs, all our Wiſdom empty Pride, all our Happineſs Deluſion. Do thou enlighten therefore my Mind, and ſanctify my Heart, that I may Know and Practiſe the Things that *belong to my Peace.* Redeem me from the Bon-

dage of my Sins, and raiſe me to the Fellowſhip of thy Saints. O let not the many and repeated Inſtances of my Guilt provoke thee to withdraw from me the Aſſiſtance of thy Holy Spirit. But accept of my unfeigned Repentance; ſecond my Reſolutions of Amendment; and ſecure me from the Danger of a Relapſe. Particularly, O Lord, guard me from the Temptation of *----------, which I have ſo often committed, even after the clear Conviction, and profeſſed Abhorrence of my own Conſcience, and thereby merited thy moſt heavy Diſpleaſure. *Set thy Law ever before me*, that the Terror of thy Threats may reſtrain me from Vice; and the Encouragement of thy Promiſes incite me to Virtue. Make my Obedience to thy Will my Delight, as well as my Duty; that I may ſerve Thee with Purity and Truth; not by Starts only, when Afflictions may humble me, or the Eye of the World obſerve me; but in a Conſtant, Uniform,

* *Here mention thoſe Sins to which you are moſt ſubject by Nature, or evil Cuſtom.*

and

and Sincere Devotion, without Lukewarmneſs, without Hypocriſy.

After thy Spiritual Graces, in the ſecond Place, I beg a Bleſſing upon my Temporal Concerns. Proſper my honeſt Endeavours in that Station wherein thy Providence has placed me in this World. Give me the Benefit of Health, and the Quiet of Contentment in all my Fortunes. Protect me from all open Violence or Injuries, and defend me from the *Arrows that fly in the dark*, the backbitings of a malicious, and the Flatteries of a deceitful Tongue. Bleſs all my Relations and Friends. Forgive, and reconcile my Enemies: Teach me to make a right Uſe of Both; that the Malice of the One may awaken my Caution, and the Kindneſs of the Other confirm my Conſtancy. Let me not live wholly Unprofitable in my Generation. Give me the honeſt Ambition of deſerving well of as many as I am able. In all my Aims, Deſires, and Hopes, let me conſider the Dignity of my Nature, and ſtudy to promote the Glory of thy Name.

Laſt-

Laſtly, As in Duty bound, I offer up my moſt hearty Praiſe and Thankſgiving for all thy Mercies and Benefits vouchſafed to me, thy unworthy Servant: For my Creation, Preſervation, amidſt all the Dangers with which I have been encompaſs'd; and for all the Comforts and Advantages of this Life: But above all, for the glorious Proſpect of a Better, through the Merits of thy Son, my Redeemer. To whom with Thee and the Holy Ghoſt be aſcribed, *&c.*

FINIS.

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The READER *is desired to correct the following*

ERRATA.

Page 21. *Line ult.* for *Art's* read *Arts.*
—— 24. —— 4. —— *Self-* —— *Soft-*
—— 30. —— 19. —— *dele* the Commas, after *Beauty*, and *Wit.*
—— 40. —— 6. for *God's*, read *Gods.*
—— 52. —— 9. read thus, *With fulsom Flatt'ry fum'd, &c.*

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